The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1932 NUMBER 899

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The Week

WITH the rest of the country, The New Republic rejoices wholeheartedly over the appointment of Chief Judge Cardozo to the Supreme Court and joins in the nation's thanks to President Hoover. Mr. Justice Holmes remains unique; a great man's place can never be filled. But no one else would have symbolized in the public mind the qualities of the old Justice as much as does the new Justice—his learning, his philosophic detachment, his sensitiveness to the complexities that confront modern society, his far-reaching humility in sitting in judgment upon the judgment of legislators. And his distinguished qualities of mind and spirit will be admirably conveyed by a felicitous and insinuating style. By all his gifts, therefore, the Chief Judge of New York was marked for succession to Holmes. Yet from the point of view of "practical" politics there were serious obstacles to hurdle. Happily the President in this instance proved large-ness of mind. There was the geographic objection: Justice Stone. There was the unavowable sectarian difficulty: one Jew is already on the Court. Happily the President disregarded these irrelevancies. He appointed Cardozo not because he came from the East or the West, not because he was a Catholic, Jew or Protestant; he appointed him because he was Cardozo. In a period of rapid change such as ours, a Supreme Court Justice may in the long view exert more power than does a President. By the choice of Cardozo the President has made not only a capital appointment: he has helped to establish a profoundly important tradition. For the Cardozo appointment announces to the nation beyond possible misunderstanding that what matters is not geography, race, religion or party, but superb fitness for the part which the Supreme Court plays in our national life.

THE situation at Shanghai is a horrible mess, and one which grows worse from day to day. Even from the point of view of the Japanese themselves it is a ghastly failure; if they had achieved their objective within a few hours or days, and with a minimum loss of life, their position would have been no better in the eyes of the world, but at least the official explanations offered to the Japanese people would have been more plausible. As things are, they have bungled as badly in the military aspect of things as in every other. This is partly due to the superiority of land forts over warships, which was demonstrated during the Great War at Gallipoli, partly to other advantages which the terrain gives to the Chinese, but perhaps chiefly to the latter's momentary overwhelming numerical superiority plus the valuable tactics in which they have been trained recently by German instructors. But the net result of it all is an obscene spectacle: it is like a man trying to kill his wife with a club, in the middle of Fifth Avenue, while a great crowd of spectators looks on and she refuses to die. In the end the Japanese will probably win their limited objectives, unless their country is prostrated by an economic debacle; but their military humiliation is already complete and irrevocable. If their commanders had the high standards of personal honor and responsibility traditionally assigned to them, we should have seen already a series of suicides

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ONE by one, the nations represented at Geneva in the disarmament conference are setting forth their official positions. The United States last week outlined a nine-point program calling for the extension of the Washington and London agreements beyond 1936, further naval reduction provided all the Great Powers will agree, the abolition of submarines, lethal gases and bacteriological warfare, agreements against aerial bombing of civilians, reduction of armies to police forces plus additional troops necessary for "defense," and some other limitations. Russia has again embarrassed the delegates by suggesting that the way to disarm is to disarm, and that abolition of all military equipment is the best guarantee of peace—a position which is logically unassailable but one, of course, to which the other Powers have no intention of adhering. Germany has pointed out, though only indirectly for the present, that the Treaty of Versailles is being grossly violated by the Allies, which disarmed the Germans as a prelude to disarming themselves. There are, to be sure, certain agreements on detail. Two Powers have asked the abolition of military aviation; four have asked that aerial bombing be prohibited; two Powers want submarines abolished; three want tanks prohibited; three are opposed to conscription, and so on. Yet with all this, the expert observers present are practically unanimous in believing that very little of any importance will be done by the conference. Indeed, it is expected to do no more than mark time from now on, until after the reparations conference in June, and what it then does will depend on the degree of success in that meeting, for which the chances are certainly far from bright. The Chinese have asked permission to set up broadcasting apparatus in the assembly hall, and let the delegates hear the actual noise of the Japanese guns engaged in trying to murder Chinese civilians and soldiers alike, without a declaration of war, at Shanghai. We take it for granted that such broadcasting will not be permitted, and perhaps it is just as well. For that sound penetrating the placid councilroom in Geneva might infect the delegates with such a sense of their own futility that they would only burst into tears and go home.

HOW bad are things in Europe may be deduced from the fact that the Continental press is hailing as a great victory the news that the Lausanne conference on reparations is to take place after all—in June. This is the conference, you remember, which was scheduled to meet first on January 18, was postponed a week, and then, when a hopeless deadlock was seen to be inevitable, was put over indefinitely. The date now set is after the elections in France and Germany, thus partly avoiding the temptation to German and French representatives of simply making intransigent speeches for the Germany has served notice, through Chancellor Brüning, that she simply cannot and will not continue to pay reparations, that no settlement will be accepted by her which is not postulated on this fact. France has refused to enter the conference if there is any agreement in advance that the Young Plan is to be scrapped. Everything finally depends upon the attitude of the United States—and we shall not be represented in the conference. The one hopeful possibility is that Germany and the countries which owe war debts to the United States may unite upon a common program and proposal to America: a proposal that reparations and war debts shall both be scrapped, or shall be greatly reduced in amount and perhaps then paid in goods which are allowed to enter duty-free. America cannot force payment of the debts; if Europe chooses to repudiate we are even more helpless than are the Allies if Germany should do the same thing. Heretofore, Great Britain and France have failed to act in common, partly because their conflicting national ambitions have prevented real agreement on any subject, partly because each country nourished the delusion that America would offer cancellation and spare them the humiliation of asking for it.

ON February 10, a committee of writers visited Pineville, in the coal fields of southeastern Kentucky, with the purpose, first, of distributing food to the striking miners there and, second, of opening channels by which regular supplies of food could be distributed in the future. The committee succeeded in its first aim, since three truckloads of food were divided among the miners—with the exception of two or three hundred pounds of salt pork stolen by the deputy sheriffs—but no channels were opened for future distribution, and the committee itself was kidnaped and driven out of Kentucky by an armed mob. Waldo Frank, the chairman, and Allan Taub, the attorney for the striking miners now in the Pineville jail, were severely beaten by unidentified members of the mob, which included coal operators, lawyers for the coal operators, merchants supplying the coal operators, and deputy sheriffs employed by them. One of these self-styled "night riders" was Herndon Evans, who, besides being head of the local Red Cross and editor of The Pineville Sun, is the Bell County correspondent of the Associated Press. Before the kidnaped writers were released at the Kentucky border, Evans walked up to Allan Taub, whose face, after the beating, was a sheet of blood. "Well, Taub," he said, according to the affidavits submitted to Congress by several members of the writers' committee, "why don't you make us another speech on constitutional law? This will be the last chance you get to make a speech on constitutional law in Kentucky." Evans then returned to Pineville and wired to the Associated Press the false story that Taub and Frank had been fighting with each other.

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of the Associated Press or of any other news-gathering agency that pretends to any degree of impartiality.

SEVERAL months ago the Governors of the six chief industrial states of the East met to discuss a uniform program for unemployment insurance. They appointed a committee of experts to draft a proposal. This committee has now reported, and its plan is endorsed at least by Governor Roosevelt of New York. The proposal is strictly a minimum one. It provides that unemployment insurance shall be made compulsory by state law. Each employer must build up a reserve fund by contributing 2 percent of his pay roll until his reserve equals $50 per employee; the contribution is then reduced to one percent. The benefit is to be $10 a week, or 50 percent of the weekly wage, whichever is lower, and the maximum period of benefit is to be ten weeks in each year. The funds of the several employers are not to be pooled, though steps toward coöperation of firms within industries are to be encouraged, since measures toward employment stabilization must be on an industry-wide basis if they are to be at all effective. State boards to administer the law are to be created, and state systems of free employment exchanges are to be built up as necessary agencies for carrying on the insurance activities. Industry cannot even begin to meet its responsibility for unemployment without accepting such a pitifully insufficient measure as this. Arguments for "voluntary" measures are simply devices for delay. This provides a means by which all employers in six of the greatest states may be put on a competitive equality in bearing at least a tiny fraction of the unemployment risk.

THE New York City Employing Printers' Association recently asked the printers employed in the shops of their members to accept an immediate reduction of 25 to 30 percent in their pay. The printers, pointing out that their wage agreements do not expire for another ten months, declined to accept this drastic reduction at this time. Thereupon, the National Association of Book Publishers, through its board of directors, put its influence behind the employing printers. In a letter signed by the president of the association, Cass Canfield of Harper and Brothers, the book publishers declared that "if in the opinion of the employing printers it became necessary to have open shop, they would receive publishers' support." In other words, the printing unions are invited to discuss the question of wages with a threat hanging over them that if they do not accept a reduction the publishers will sanction breach of contract and an attempt to destroy their organization. The publishers argue that printing wages have not been reduced, although other costs have come down, and wages in other lines have of course been greatly curtailed. Such an argument, however, seems to us so supposedly advanced as the book publishers. Everyone knows that what is needed is a vast increase in labor's share of the productive dollar, not a decrease. A strong labor movement in all industries is one essential for achieving this goal. We cannot believe that the action taken by the board of directors represents the sober best thought of the book publishers as a whole; and we hope that when its significance is realized, it will find general repudiation.

THE International Labor Office of the League of Nations has recently conducted a worldwide survey of unemployment, with striking results. The comparison is in all cases between some month late in 1931 and the same month in 1930. In the case of countries with compulsory or voluntary unemployment insurance, these figures may be accepted as fairly accurate; in other instances, where trade-union figures or those of employment exchanges were taken, there may be a margin of error, though it is probably not large. The returns show an increase, in a year's time, of 34 percent in Germany, 63 percent in Italy, and 30 percent in the United States. The percentage of increase for Great Britain was 12 in December, though in previous months unemployment had been decreasing as a result of the abandonment of the gold standard; figures last week showed that unemployment has again risen, to the extent of 218,000 since the first of the year. Perhaps the most surprising percentage of increase is that for France—566; it is due to the fact that the figure a year ago was undoubtedly far too small. Even the number of unemployed reported to the I. L. O. in November last, 123,891, is probably very much too low. France lists as unemployed only those formerly at work in establishments with fifty or more hands, and now being given state aid; French Socialists have recently estimated the number of unemployed as close to a million.

THE British Dominions are shown by these figures to be severely affected by the depression. Australia's increase in a year is 34 percent, and Canada's 80. New Zealand shows an increase in applicants for work (not quite the same as the unemployed, of course) of 184 percent. Ireland, on the other hand, shows the smallest increase recorded anywhere—only 3 percent. Two other countries have increases of more than 100 percent —Belgium with 118 and Latvia with 125. Austria has 12, Denmark 52, the Netherlands 92, Switzerland 41, Czechoslovakia 45, Hungary 28, Sweden 44; Japan last August had 8 (a number now no doubt tremendously increased as a result of the Chinese boycott), Norway has 28, Poland 24, Rumania 20 and Jugoslavia 52. Even if some of these figures are not wholly accurate, and the I. L. O. concedes that this may be the case, the trends shown are significant. Not one country on

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In some of its aspects, certainly, the disease now attacking capitalism deserves to be called pandemic.

WE HEREBY nominate Mr. George Kaufman, the playwright, for this year's Pulitzer Prize for Effective Rebuttal. Mr. Kaufman is co-author with Morrie Ryskind of the musical satire, "Of Thee I Sing," which deals, and roughly, with national politics, a presidential election, the United States Supreme Court and related matters. In one scene the French Ambassador calls upon the President and presents "another note from my country." When the President replies that "we've got a lot of notes from your country and some of them were due ten years ago," the Ambassador says, "But this is not a promise to pay—this is serious." This harmless bit of spoofing was taken solemnly by Bishop William T. Manning and a group of other well known American Francophiles, who proceeded to meet and pass a resolution demanding that the joke be taken out of the show. This action served two useful purposes: the newspapers printed the bit of dialogue in full and thereby mildly amused many millions of people who would otherwise never have heard of it; and it enabled Mr. Kaufman to make the Reply Magnificent. He would, he said, be delighted to take the joke out of the show if Bishop Manning would supply him with another equally good (as demonstrated by the response of the audience) to take its place. One good joke in a lifetime! Surely the worthy Bishop and his cohorts of admirers should be capable, among them, of meeting such a challenge.

A Primer on Inflation

IS THE Steagall-Glass bill a measure to promote inflation?

That depends on one's definition of inflation. The bill is a measure to expand the volume of credit extended by banks to customers, the purchases of securities by banks and the amount of currency in circulation. The expansion of the means of payment is intended to promote business. If inflation means any such expansion, this is an effort to inflate; if it means an undesirable expansion, which outruns production, leads to speculative profits and makes necessary a subsequent reaction, then this bill will promote inflation only if expansion runs too far before it is stopped.

How does the bill aim to achieve an expansion of credit and currency in use?

In three ways, as follows:

1. A group of member banks needing more money, and having borrowed about all they can borrow from the Federal Reserve banks on the notes or acceptances which are subject to rediscount under the old law, are permitted to borrow on the security of mortgages, high-grade bonds or other paper not eligible to rediscount. (Foreign investments are excluded.) Many banks have hesitated to lend except upon paper which could be rediscounted, or to buy securities which could not instantly be sold without loss, in order to be safe against possible runs. The new measure will enlarge the liquid funds at their disposal and permit a more liberal lending and buying policy on their part.

2. Small banks in danger of failure on account of lack of liquid assets may individually be protected by the same measures. A lessening of bank failures, plus confidence that failures are not imminent, should check hoarding and may even restore hoarded money to circulation.

3. Federal Reserve notes (paper money) may now be issued against government bonds, in addition to being issued against gold, notes, acceptances or other paper which could be used as collateral for currency issues under the old law. This will give the banks more money to put into circulation as their borrowers and depositors may require it. Perhaps the most important effect of the change, however, will be to permit the Reserve banks themselves to buy government securities freely, without fear of undue reduction of their reserves by losses of gold through export or otherwise. Federal Reserve notes in circulation must be fully covered either by gold or by eligible paper. The legal minimum gold reserve remains, as before, 40 percent against federal notes and 35 percent against deposits in the Federal Reserve banks. The Reserve banks have recently, however, been compelled to keep a much higher gold reserve than this, because not enough eligible paper existed as cover for note issues. Thus a large amount of gold has been unnecessarily locked up. The Reserve banks did not dare to buy government bonds freely. This affected the bond market adversely and limited the expansion of credit. With government bonds available as cover for the issue of money, less gold need be kept in reserve, and an expansionist policy may be pursued without fear of the results of foreign raids on the dollar. Indeed, we can aid foreign credit stringencies by allowing gold to flow out of the country more freely.

What are the safeguards against an undue increase of credit and currency?

The Federal Reserve Board must consent to the advances to be made to groups of banks and to single banks under the new provisions, and has discretion over the use of government bonds as collateral for currency issues. It is thus in a position to stop expansion through these channels at any time. Advances to single banks and use of government bonds as the basis of note issues automatically stop, under the law, after one year.

Why did prices go up in the market for stocks, bonds and commodities as soon as the plan was announced?

At this time the provisions of the bill had not become law and no expansion of credit or currency had begun. Speculators merely saw the chance to

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make a profit in anticipation of the coming expansion. No doubt banks were more willing to accommodate them with loans for speculative purposes, for the same reason. It does not follow that the advance will continue indefinitely, or that it was not overdone.

What are the first effects to be anticipated from the new measure?

(1) Rise in the price of government bonds, and hence of other bonds as well. (2) Easier loaning policy by the banks, and hence, probably, rises in the stock market, the wheat pit, the cotton exchange and other speculative markets. (3) Fewer bank failures and less hoarding. In so far as stagnation has been due to lack of speculative confidence, the situation will be alleviated.

Will these stimulating effects be transitory? Or shall we progress steadily out of depression?

They will be transitory unless the anticipations of speculators are proved sound by actual increases in production, employment and trade. Before we begin to rejoice too loudly we should wait to see what happens to these figures.

Will the bill help to stimulate production, employment and trade?

There is doubt about that. It can do so only by making it easier for business men and employers to borrow money and raise new capital for productive uses. If there are a large number of enterprisers waiting to put up new buildings, buy new machinery, employ more men and enlarge their output, who have been held up by lack of credit, this measure will allow them to go ahead. If there are not, production and employment will not revive. Nobody knows certainly whether there are or not. Of course a rise in prices started by speculation might induce a temporary increase in production and trade, since everyone likes to buy on a rising market. But such a speculative increase in production might quickly wear itself out.

What is the crucial test of the benefits of credit expansion?

The chief evil done by deflation is not that prices fall: it is that they fall unevenly. If all prices fell by the same amount and at the same rate (including interest rates, rents, etc.), nobody would suffer and nobody would benefit. The same logic applies to inflation. In spite of the temporary stimulus caused by the spectacle of rising prices, no permanent gain can be achieved unless the movement corrects any existing lack of balance among the various prices and incomes, by raising some prices more than others. It looks now as if the prices which ought to be raised are not the prices of bonds and other capital instruments, since these have fallen less than the prices of wheat, cotton, etc. Yet expansion of bank credit tends to sustain the very prices which may be in most need of further deflation, before anything approaching economic health can be restored. We may discover that while the Steagall-Glass bill has prevented panic, it has delayed real recovery.

If the expected expansion of currency and credit brings about real recovery and if the expansion is then stopped before "unwholesome inflation" takes place, may we expect permanent prosperity?

By no means. We shall certainly continue to have depressions as long as we do not plan and control incomes, prices and production so that we continually distribute all that we produce. Wholesale manipulation of credit and capital markets in an unplanned and individualistic economy is too crude an instrument with which to maintain economic balance.

Flinging Away an Empire

AMONG its more important but less agreeable tasks during the present session, Congress will have to take cognizance of the report of President Hoover's Committee on the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain. This report treats the question of what shall be done with almost two hundred million acres of unreserved public lands, now suffering from years of overgrazing by millions of cattle and sheep, and almost completely neglected by the United States government.

The Garfield Commission advises that this vast empire of almost one-tenth of our total land area should, with a few minor exceptions, be given to the Western states, either to administer or preferably to sell at public auction to the highest bidders. The Commission temporarily excepts, for further investigation, certain areas recommended by the Forest Service for addition to the national forests, and also suggests the retention of areas needed for national defense, for national parks and monuments, and for migratory bird refuges. But these would total only a small fraction of the vast area involved. In essence, then, the proposal is to give the public domain to the states (minus the subsurface minerals) and to urge them to sell it at auction. This extraordinary proposal deserves and will receive the most critical scrutiny by Congress and, it is to be hoped, by the public.

Despite all opinions to the contrary, the public domain has a far higher function than to furnish grass for hungry livestock or territory for hungry land-seekers. Experts have long recognized that these great, open, rolling or mountainous Western grasslands have, and should be made to perform, a continental function in protecting and conserving stream-flow both into the Pacific Ocean and into the Mississippi River, and in guarding the rich alluvial farming valleys and the great irrigation reservoirs of the West from being buried under masses of flood-borne sand and gravel swept from the vast hinterland of mountains and plains. This function, however, can be restored only by rehabilitating and thenceforth protecting the grass and other vegetation, for grass in these Western lands is primarily important to prevent floods and erosion, and secondarily important to feed livestock.

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Technical knowledge establishes the vital relation between plant cover and the rate of run-off of rainwater. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur himself, who is responsible for the appointment of the Garfield Commission, fully recognized, in theory at least, the importance of the major problem of erosion and water and, in fact, emphasized it as the central feature of the public-domain question. Moreover, it was the duty of the Commission, as defined in its own words, to recommend "a definite program of conservation of grazing resources, either through ownership or control by the states or by federal administration."

For a quarter-century there has been an increasing support for the proposal to establish national grazing ranges, modeled somewhat after the National Forests, from the lands of the public domain. In recommendations to the Commission, the Forest Service formulated this proposal in its most specific and definitive form, after an exhaustive investigation on the ground and with a quarter-century of successful grazing administration back of it. Among officials and experts who know most about the public domain, it is generally agreed that the problem is a national one, and capable of solution by the federal government alone. Only federal administration can undertake the vast task of rehabilitating the range lands and of solving the continental engineering problem of interstate watershed protection. And only a unified federal policy of administration, modeled on the principles of grazing administration worked out by the Forest Service, can protect thousands of innocent homesteaders who have been allowed to graze the public domain for years and who will be ousted by any system of sale at auction. The Garfield Commission rejected the Forest Service plan of national ranges with scant ceremony and no explanation, in favor of a scheme that not only ignores the great conservation problem the Commission set out to solve, but paves the way for gigantic land monopolies and a return of the corrupt land speculation of early days.

In its brief report, the Commission makes no case against national ranges or for private ownership; it merely sets forth its dicta in almost the sublime nakedness of the Ten Commandments. Why is it that, rejecting the obvious solution and the admitted federal experience, the Commission falls back on the good old timeworn, uninspired and unconvincing expedient of wholesale land grants and private land monopolies? Both President Hoover and Mr. Wilbur have all along been anti-federal and pro-state in the matter and, in getting the Commission under way, both roundly denounced the general incompetence of federal bureaucracy in matters of land administration. In view of these demonstrably inaccurate statements, which unwarrantably reflect on some of our most efficient and public-spirited federal bureaus, it can only be assumed that Mr. Hoover and Mr. Wilbur administration of the national parks and the national forests. In any event, no commission could wholly ignore the wishes of its creators; and earnest students of "government by commission" may well ponder the necessity of creating commissions which, far from being impartially expert, merely register an already formed design.

Besides being unduly guided, Mr. Hoover's Commission on the Public Domain was unduly political. It was a political rather than an expert commission in spite of the fact that a goodly proportion of its members are indubitably experts in public-land matters. For Mr. Hoover invited the Governors of the eleven Western states containing public-domain lands to nominate about half the members of the Commission. These Western members, representing the Western acquisitive instinct for natural resources and with the cohesion that such an instinct can give, dominated the good sense of the Commission. It is difficult to understand how Mr. James R. Garfield, the chairman, brought himself to sign the report when it is recalled that he was one of Roosevelt's radical conservation leaders; though it is a compensatory satisfaction to note that Mr. William B. Greeley, one of the country's greatest authorities on public-land administration, refused to sign it.

When Congress comes to consider the Commission's proposals, its duty is clear. It should shelve the report. Then, taking as its starting point the Forest Service plan for the creation of national ranges, it should create a competent committee to examine this plan, to check it on the ground, to sound out popular and expert opinion and to propose legislation authorizing the President to establish such ranges on joint recommendation of the Secretaries of Agriculture and of the Interior, only after detailed survey and with a proviso for the annual return of a fair proportion of the gross receipts to the states in which the ranges are situated. In all likelihood the Western states would gladly accept such a plan, the livestock interests would agree to it (in fact they have urged it in the past) and it would be overwhelmingly supported by intelligent opinion throughout the country.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1932, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Britain's Archaic Tariff

THE MAIN difficulty in solving the economic crisis that oppresses the world is that few of us are sure in which year or even in which century we are living. Most of us straddle, and in our thinking we lurch uneasily from one age to another and back again. We may, if we are of an analytic turn, occasionally detect ourselves in these transitions (I sometimes achieve this feat in my own case), but usually it is the behavior of our neighbors which invites us to date them. Each of them has, when we scrutinize him, his own characteristic time-lag. You will meet, in any random group of Englishmen, Elizabethans in violent controversy with Victorians; youngsters with pre-war minds are at odds with gray-heads who have adapted themselves to this age. But the classification is rarely so simple, for I meet men who are moderns in their business life, early Victorians in their politics, futurists in their easy morals and cavemen when they try to reason about currency and gold.

Our British "National" government is, as you would expect, a collection of this kind. It moves very slowly: it arrives with painful difficulty at any decision whatever, and it has now, to the amusement of the world, recognized that men who live in different centuries cannot talk the same dialect. We shall enjoy a bewildering study in time-lags of various lengths, when (about the moment that this article reaches the reader) these colleagues assail each other in debate over the merits of their tariff.

This revenue tariff is, I take it, an expedient which is about two years behind the time. It dates in reality from the summer of 1930, and might have been a wise and timely measure if it had been carried in hot haste at that period, or a little earlier, as an emergency prescription. Mr. Maynard Keynes was its only begetter, and he defended it, somewhat later, in these columns. The case for it, midway in 1930, was strong. The tide of the worldwide deflation had struck us with full force: our costs of manufacture, including wages, were obstinately high and refused to fall with the drop in wholesale prices: our exports were dwindling dangerously while imports enjoyed an advantage, with the result that our balance of international trading threatened to disappear (as in fact it has since done), and unemployment mounted to Himalayan heights, as the entrepreneur saw his profits vanishing. It was reasonable at this time to propose a low revenue tariff of 10 or 15 percent, which would have checked imports and stimulated internal trade by raising prices: the proceeds would have been used to subsidize the export trades. Such a device is at best only a local and temporary palliative, a measure which would have made chaos worse confounded, but had it been adopted, when Mr. Keynes (who has no time-lag) so proposed, it might have saved us from the crisis which overtook us a year later. The plan came before the Labor Cabinet. Mr. MacDonald, who is rather more mobile in thought than he is in action, was for accepting it, but he quailed (as he always did) before the stubborn veto of Mr. Snowden.

Today, after nearly two years' delay, Mr. MacDonald, at the head of a very different administration, is about to give effect to this project, which he has cherished with a consistency that would be admirable, if circumstances, in the interval, had stood still. But the circumstances of our island problem have totally changed. Driven off the gold standard, our costs and prices, which remain at the old level when expressed in sterling, are now by the tricks of the exchange a full 25 percent lower than they were, when converted into gold. Our exports have received a stimulus which actually shows itself in the reopening of some of the closed coal mines and a just perceptible revival in the textile trades. The importer is now at a disadvantage, for the exchange works like a 25-percent duty. It falls, moreover, very conveniently for our manufacturers, upon their rivals in the industrial countries which still cling to gold (the United States, Germany, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia), while it spares the countries from which we draw most of our imported foods and raw materials (Australia, the Argentine, Canada, Denmark, India, Ireland and New Zealand), since they too have gone off gold. One could ask nothing better. If our trade balance is not yet satisfactory, that is because shipping and international banking are still depressed. But no one, so far as I can discover, in this Cabinet of rather elderly gentlemen, is yet living in this contemporary world. Mr. MacDonald, who may be mentally the youngest of them, remains imbedded in the year 1930, proud to win over Viscount Snowden the battle which he lost to Mr. Philip Snowden in the first summer of the slump. That knight of negation, and several of the Liberals with him, is more than half a century behind the times and lives on the memory of Cobden and Bright. They oppose the revenue tariff for reasons which might have been valid in the days when Lord Palmerston used to carry on horseback to Queen Victoria at Windsor dispatches neatly written with quill pens and blotted with green sand. As for the Tories in the Cabinet, their time-lag is appreciably longer. For them this is neither a revenue nor an emergency tariff; it is the first timid and moderate instalment of a full-blown protective tariff, which they may, indeed, achieve before the year is out.

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tilism. One shuts one's eyes while one listens to them, and pictures the elegant frilled hand dipping in the jeweled snuff-box, or fingering the hilt of its ornamental sword. And so, out of contending pros and cons, equally remote from the conditions of today, this tariff will emerge.

Our case grows more complex and interesting still when one turns to the theme of currency and gold. It deeply interests us. It is debated in England as nowhere else in the world. Popular newspapers, like The Daily Express and The Daily Herald, with circulations that far exceed a million, are spreading (though without naming him) the view which Professor Irving Fisher with difficulty made intelligible to the experts only a few years ago. A speaker who handles this theme cleverly can get and keep an audience even at Hyde Park Corner. But here too our time-lag reveals itself. The orthodox view is that which the Macmillan Commission stereotyped in its able report, a few months before we went off gold. It attributed the world's distress to the failure of the Central Banks to correct, by a sagacious monetary policy, a number of disturbing factors which were not of monetary origin, the chief among them (though it enumerated others) being reparations and war debts. It was easy to show by statistical evidence that the world's gold had got congested in New York and Paris; the inference followed that in this way the world's medium of exchange had been partially sterilized, and the volume of credit reduced, with the result that gold appreciated and prices fell by over 40 percent.

This explanation at once became popular in England. It threw the blame for the world's distresses and our own upon other shoulders. It flattered the City of London, which reflected that it managed gold vastly better when it was the world's banker. Above all, it sheltered the Bank of England and the City from the criticisms to which their own recent conduct is exposed. No one now recalls that we were driven off gold by the reckless husbandry of the City, which borrowed millions from the French at 3 percent to lend them to the Germans at 8; had no resources in hand to save itself when the French took alarm and withdrew their deposits, and possessed no central organization to check, or even measure, operations on which our national credit depended. Again, when one considers the reasons which led to the concentration of gold in New York and Paris, it is obvious that reparations and war debts, though they rank high, do not stand alone. London had difficulty in getting or keeping gold, from 1925 onwards, because it had stabilized sterling by law at the old parity, when in fact its buying power was at least 10 percent too low. But that also is forgotten: it is so much pleasanter to blame Paris and New York, more especially Paris—and assuredly they have much to answer for.

lized. It exaggerates the monetary causes of the depression, and wholly ignores those of them which are of our own making. It forgets the special problem of the relatively low level of agricultural prices. It refuses to think about the social distribution of buying power, which matters no less than the control of its total volume. This school of thought still believes in gold, which it would "manage" through an international banking organization. It contemplates, one day, a return to gold, but it is in no hurry, for manifestly many a year will pass, on its reading of the problem, before the time-lags of Western Senators and French Nationalist politicians will permit a liberal dealing with debts, a more even distribution of the world's gold and that return to the price level of 1929 which it desires, with stability ever after. This creed is popular for many obvious reasons, but chiefly, perhaps, because it calls for no action. We can but wait till others grow sane.

Over against this fatalistic orthodoxy, a radical, activist school is gathering strength. It doubts the ability of the profession of usury (which always will have a bias toward deflation) to manage gold. It dreads the power of America and still more of France, and in any event regards gold as a costly, cumbersome superstition, and points to the fact that the supply of it is drying up. It would base sterling on a commodity index, and control its volume so as to maintain a stable level of prices. This might admittedly lead to instability in the exchange value of the pound. That inconvenience, however, it would lessen, by an international currency league, which would include certainly the Dominions and India, and probably our chief commercial clients, notably Denmark and the Argentine. Within this big area, sterling would have both a stable buying power, and a steady exchange value. This plan has been advocated by no less a person than Sir Basil Blackett, who is a director of the Bank of England, and was India's Finance Minister. It is the official policy of the sadly diminished Labor party, and one may encounter it running glibly in the popular press from the tips of pens which on other subjects commonly show a longer time-lag. It has elements of popularity, for it might be the basis of a new type of economic imperialism, and yet it appeals to scientific and radical minds which dislike the more vulgar forms of that tendency.

We are governed, however, neither by the complacent orthodox view, nor yet by the radical heresy. We are governed by the Bank of England, and it, in turn, is an autocracy under Mr. Montagu Norman. In the matter of time-lags he presents the most singular study of all. Driven off the gold standard by an untoward hurricane, he still thinks it. He has conducted our affairs since that episode precisely as though it had never occurred. He is still deflating, as he has done with steady consistency throughout his decade of power. He has not increased the note issue since he toppled off gold;

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rate and through open market operations, he is all the while contracting our buying power. This is, I suppose, the main reason why the cost of living has not risen in England, though the pound is worth a dollar less on the exchange. Wages, with the banks standing with set faces before every employer who seeks an advance, are still coming down. Mr. Norman is building up once more a gold reserve: he will not use his precious hoard even to pay off debts. Steadily, imperturbably, this strong man with the notable time-lag is steering us back to gold again. But note the explosive thing that will happen when the bankers and the politicians, each with their own peculiar and incompatible time-lag, have had their will of us. The politicians with their tariff will at last compel sterling prices to rise. Unless we are all to go short of bread and butter, we must have more money with which to do our marketing. But the prime concern of the Bank is to contract buying power. Caught between these two time-lags, we face tomorrow the rarest form of economic torture that ingenuity could devise. The hands of the past lie heavy on our future.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Mussolini in Sheep's Clothing

THE ITALIAN press has broadcast throughout the peninsula the news of Grandi's great triumph during his visit to Washington. More fortunate than Laval, who went home empty-handed, he has convinced Washington that it is to our advantage to back up Italy at the Geneva Disarmament Conference.

No European understands why America wants Europe to disarm. He can only explain it as a new manifestation of the voracious and unscrupulous American imperialism, anxious to weaken Europe in order to dominate her more easily. But conditions in Europe are too bad at present to permit any discussion of America's motives. The fact is that she wants disarmament in Europe. However, America has so consistently avoided any entanglements in European affairs that she can hardly appear at Geneva with the direct and outspoken policy of forcing upon Europe the "energetic steps" toward disarmament of which Stimson has spoken.

America needs a trusted partner, a great European power which will do her bidding, while she keeps more or less in the background. Which nation could it be? . . . Not Germany, which is too directly interested in the matter to be in a position to serve as a discreet partner. Not England, still too suspicious of America. Not France, too interested in opposing rather than defending disarmament. There remains Italy. Mussolini has convinced Stimson, and Grandi has convinced Hoover, the administration, the politicians, the bankers and the press of this country that Italy is decisively in favor of disarmament, not only material disarmament, but spiritual disarmament as well.

Though Rome is well aware that Washington entered into no agreement with Italy on the Geneva Conference, she has led the nation to believe that one exists. For instance, official sources have stated that Grandi's visit to America "developed an Italian-American point of view," a statement which

It is because of the widespread conviction that Grandi mastered Washington and influenced the administration to follow Italy's lead at the disarmament conference that Rome greeted him with a triumphal reception comparable to that accorded Julius Caesar after the conquest of Gaul. In some quarters it was said that all this ballyhoo was for home consumption only, in order to convince the Italians, who have so many reasons for discontentment, that they have a government clever enough to subjugate even almighty America. But that, true as it may be, is not the whole truth. The Italian government, even though it has no written pledge from the State Department to work hand in hand with Rome at the Geneva Conference, has very good reason to believe that such coöperation is forthcoming.

When Grandi, on his return, reported to Mussolini, several mysterious, heavy and bulging trunks were carried after him into the presence of the Duce. They contained, neatly bound and accurately classified, no less than three thousand clippings from American papers and magazines of all political colors, from all over the country, giving unmistakable evidence that the press, the powers that be and the capitalists of the United States are warmly in favor of Italy's new heroic war against the curse of militarism. It is on this support rather than on the official sympathy of the administration that the Italian government relies for a long coveted solidarity between the two governments.

But here the question arises: How real is Mussolini's pacifism? How sincere is he in now advocating peace at all costs? Many Americans have greeted the new move of the Duce with deep skepticism. But the American press, which is all-knowing, has responded with a ready-made explanation: "Never mind what Mussolini has said and done before. His bellicose utterances conveyed no real threat of war against any nation. The Italians

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hard and to become a really unified nation, Mussolini had to arouse their feelings, inflame their enthusiasm. But now that Mussolini has achieved his aim, he need no longer use such fiery language, and thus he talks peace as does every other statesman. As a matter of fact, Mussolini has always been for peace: he has signed more arbitration treaties than any other head of government."

I am sorry to disagree with these gentlemen, but, contrary to their firm belief, Mussolini's pacifism is neither real nor sincere. Pacifist Fascism is as impossible as burning snow or an atom weighing a ton.

From its very birth Fascism has been an obstreperous, jingoistic glorification of war, the World War and all wars. In violence at home Fascism has seen the only constructive force working toward a revolutionary change for the better. In war against powerful and rich countries it has seen the only means toward gaining for small and poor nations their share of wealth and power. All Fascist Italy has assumed a militaristic organization, appearance and discipline. Armaments of all kinds have been pushed to the uttermost limit permitted by the economic resources of the nation and the submissive spirit of the people. Education has been monopolized and even a war against the Vatican threatened so that Fascism alone might educate the younger generation and inculcate the idea that only sheer, brutal force has value in this world.

All this feverish preparation for tomorrow's victorious war has somewhat slackened recently, it is true, for economic reasons: the country has been bled white for this purpose and cannot give more. But the militaristic intoxication of the mind continues unabated in these very days when Italy is trying to convince America that the Fascist government is unconditionally in favor of peace.

But, even when Mussolini uses this language so foreign to his lips, a study of his published statements reveals that what he says is at variance both with the meaning those words have for the average man and with the facts. For instance, in one of his epistles to the Americans, he states that "Italy is disposed to accept the lowest figure of armaments . . . *provided no other nation has more.*" The same statement is repeated in a volume, "What Fascism Is and Why," just published by the Macmillan Company, the various chapters of which have been contributed by the highest henchmen of the Duce: as regards armaments Italy insists on "her *right of equality* with the greatest powers," and again in a dispatch from Rome to The New York Times, it was stated that "Italy will declare itself willing to reduce its own armaments to any level, however low, *provided there is no more strongly armed nation in Europe.*"

As may be seen, Mussolini's peace program has such a string attached to it as to render it worthless. Indeed, England will never consent to a navy, defenses larger than Italy needs. Thus from the very beginning Mussolini offers no solid basis on which America and Italy may coöperate at the Geneva Conference.

But this is not all. In August, 1931, Mussolini presented his "peace" program to the Italians in a speech to the people of his native Romagna. On that occasion he said: "We wish peace . . . because we are facing great difficulties and wish as quickly as possible to relieve the Italian people of the burdens and troubles of the present time." Thus Mussolini's pacifism is not a lasting aim, a general program of action. It is only an opportunistic move to face a temporary emergency. The unbearable financial burden that the huge military expenses of Fascism have imposed upon Italy has become so staggering that capacity and willingness to endure it have reached the breaking point, and the Duce and his followers are anxious to give the Italians a breathing spell, lest the whole structure crash down upon their heads.

In another article in The New York American [December 27, 1931] Mussolini repeats the same thing in other words: ". . . we ask for a period of peace. . . ." Do you understand? A *period* of peace, not an *era* of peace. Why? For two fundamental reasons. One is the reason we have just given, namely to prevent the Italians from revolting against or succumbing to the terrible financial burden that the militaristic machine created by Mussolini imposes upon that unhappy nation. The other reason is directed at France, which the Duce considers the greatest stumbling block in the world to Italy's triumph. He means to harm her in two different ways with his pretended new pacifism. First of all, he wants to prevent her from completing the system of territorial and other defenses which France is building for protection against the covetous aspirations of Italian and German Fascism. For a time Mussolini dreamed of being able to outdo France even in this field. But now, when he realizes that France can outbid Italy in military expenditures, Mussolini proclaims that everybody must stop military expenditures, and he hopes that the United States will help Italy pull her chestnuts out of the fire.

Mussolini also hopes to harm France in another way with his pacifism, that is, by lulling her and the rest of the world into a fool's paradise where peace is supposed to rule supreme and eternal. If he succeeded in doing this, while the world would be dozing, Italian Fascists would go on preparing themselves for *The Day,* those fateful years, 1935-1940, in which, as Mussolini proclaimed to the world in his famous speech of May 26, 1927, will be realized the imperial destinies of Italy.[1] Why such precise dates? For a very simple reason: because during those years the military ranks of France will be terribly depleted of recruits because

[1] "We will at least be able, between 1935 and 1940, when I

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of the low birth rate during the war years, 1915-1920, while all French manhood was waging a struggle for life against Germany. In the years 1935-1940 France will therefore be most vulnerable from a military point of view. In those years Italy, whose population has gone on increasing in spite of the World War, Italy, which has grown poorer and poorer under Fascism, while being taught by Fascism that to become powerful and feared she must pillage and annihilate France—in those years Italy will attempt to crush her "Latin sister."

This is what Fascism has been promising New Italy for the last ten years, this is the only ray of hope that Fascism allows the Italians to see ahead, this is what every full-blooded Fascist dreams of every day and every night. How triumphant will be Fascism then! It will ridicule the world's gullibility, its faith in solemnly pledged words and the sanctity of moral principles among individuals as well as nations. Scornfully Fascism will then tell the world: *"Sic volo, sic jubeo."* And the world will bow, just as it bows now to Japan.

All this may never come true, and be nothing but a beautiful dream for the Fascists and a nightmare for the rest of mankind. But, whether it remains a dream or becomes a dreadful reality, why should the people of the United States allow themselves to share in the responsibility for the preparation of what would be a crime against humanity?

PASQUINO IANCHI.

In re Japan vs. World

ON THE night of September 17, a detachment of the Japanese Manchurian army seized the arsenal of Marshal Chang Hsiao-liang at Mukden. Japanese army authorities alleged that Chinese soldiers in uniform had attempted to blow up the South Manchuria Railway. Two days afterwards, foreign correspondents were permitted to see a section of damaged track and the still unburied bodies of two Chinese infantrymen.

Assuming that the Japanese story was true, Japan was entirely within its rights in seizing Mukden. The law and practice of nations—to quote the old, smug phrase—justifies any action necessary to protect a country's nationals and their property from sudden, violent attack. Japan's first step, on the face of the known facts, was completely legal.

The League Council was in session at Geneva, and on September 22, the Chinese delegate, Dr. Sze, invoked Article XI of the Covenant, by which the Council is given jurisdiction over "any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace." On September 30, the Council adopted a resolution calling upon Japan to withdraw its troops by October 14. This was freely agreed to by the Japanese representative, M. Kenkichi Yoshizawa.

From this distance, it is reasonably clear that Japan's military and naval chieftains at this point began to have complete control over Japanese policy. Instead of withdrawing its troops during those first days in October, Japan began rapidly to extend its occupation over the whole of central Manchuria. On October 8, twelve Japanese naval airplanes, in open disregard of the 1907 Hague convention, bombarded the unfortified city of Chinchow.

On the very next day, Japan in effect served notice on the world that it proposed to violate its international obligations wholesale. The Japanese Cabinet met at Tokio, and a list of demands upon China was drawn up. Two of the principal demands were recognition by China of existing treaties and the elimination of Marshal Chang Hsiao-liang from the Manchurian government. Until these demands were complied with, Japanese troops would remain where they were. This announcement was an act of either incredible stupidity or pure madness on the part of Japan. In making these demands upon China, Japan simultaneously violated the League Covenant, the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the 1922 Nine Power Treaty.

The League Covenant, by Article XIII, expressly provides that questions of the interpretation and execution of treaties are to be held proper subjects for arbitration, and binds the members of the League to arbitrate all such disputes. The Kellogg-Briand Pact goes much farther. By Paragraph Two, it pledges its signatories to use only pacific means—which the bombardment of Chinchow certainly was not—in the settlement of their differences. The case of the ejection of young Marshal Chang is cared for by the Nine Power Treaty, which guarantees China's administrative, as well as territorial, integrity.

The League Council met on October 13, and found itself possessed of an embarrassment of international instruments under which to convict Japan. This was the meeting at which Prentiss B. Gilbert sat at the Council table as American representative. At the urging of the United States, the Council chose to invoke the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Japan virtually admitted its guilt. In a note to the Council's president, M. Briand, on November 7, it declared that "it is far from the thoughts [of Japan] to insist on a final adjustment of a whole series of pending questions between Japan and China as a condition precedent to the withdrawal of troops. . . ."

It is now known that all through the October session of the Council, Sir Eric Drummond, the League's Secretary General, made strenuous efforts to have Article XIII invoked, and thus compel Japan to submit to arbitration. The Japanese became very angry at Sir Eric and the whole League Secretariat. After the Council decided to proceed by means of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the project of invoking Article XIII was abandoned.

For perhaps two weeks after this second Council meeting, Japan sedulously refrained from talking

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about the necessity of driving Marshal Chang from Manchuria. Then, in the latter part of November, the Japanese army commenced preparations for a drive on Chinchow for the obvious purpose of compelling Marshal Chang's troops to retreat south of the Great Wall. A wholly new and cynically flimsy argument was advanced. It was alleged that Marshal Chang's troops were furnishing arms and munitions to gangs of bandits, and were themselves plotting an attack upon the South Manchuria Railway. Neutral observers at Chinchow promptly denied both these accusations. After urgent representations by the American and British governments, Baron Shidehara formally announced that he had conferred with Minister of War Minami and the higher Japanese army officers, and that the advance on Chinchow would be canceled. Shortly thereafter, Chinchow was taken.

Meanwhile, the Council met for the third time. After interminable and fruitless efforts to prevent the capture of Chinchow, it despairingly set up a commission of inquiry (now, two months later, en route to Manchuria) and adjourned. The Japanese army continued to go busily ahead with its plan for a puppet Manchurian government, to be entirely independent of Nanking. This was patently in violation of the Nine Power Treaty, and on January 7, Secretary of State Stimson issued his now famous note declaring the United States would not recognize any treaty infringing upon the "sovereignty, the independence or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China."

In its reply of January 15, Japan advanced the extraordinary thesis that the new regime in Manchuria had been made necessary by the ignominious flight of Marshal Chang's officials. This is directly contrary to known facts. The Governor of Mukden, General Tsang Hsih-yi, for example, did not flee. For more than three months he was kept prisoner in his Mukden home—until he finally agreed to give in to Japan. The same thing is true of most of the other high Manchurian dignitaries.

The most recent episode in Japan's career of international lawlessness is Shanghai. There Japan has violated the International Settlement's neutrality, and brought in reënforcements after pledging that it would not do so. It is necessary to go back to the Thirty Years' War to find any parallel in Europe of the cold ferocity of Admiral Shiozawa's bombing of the Chinese suburb of Chapei. There, is, moreover, every indication that Japan is growing steadily more reckless. The Japanese people is one of the friendliest and kindliest on earth, but just now Japan, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, is represented by a band of utterly irresponsible, half-mad generals and admirals. Between them and the forces of civilization, no useful communication seems possible.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Crisp County Carries On

FOR SALE—Crisp County Power Plant Doubles Taxes—Offered to Private Rivals—Economically Unsound.

SO RAN the headlines of a front-page article in The Wall Street Journal of January 19, by the Honorable Thomas F. Woodlock, late member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, now authoritative writer on utilities for that newspaper. Some weeks before, Mr. Woodlock had tauntingly reminded The New Republic of printing an article by myself, describing the inception of this public plant, and sarcastically requested that the country might be informed "in detail how this pioneer is doing." Not being obliged on the instant, he has proceeded to perform the task himself.

We learn from him that the plant is unable to meet its obligations; that the county tax rate has been doubled for the past two years to meet deficits, 18 mills extra last year; and that the County Power Commission in despair passed a resolution offering the plant for sale to the Georgia Power Company. "As the end now seems to be in sight," of this sad history, as gleaned from The Atlanta Constitution of December 20. Note the date. The proper moral lesson is drawn, namely, that farmers and small-town folk everywhere should be good little boys and girls and not think themselves big and strong enough to form power districts or operate a power plant. The financial writer of The New York Times, and others over the country, likewise heralded the story of another public-ownership "failure." A surprising amount of national attention is thus given by these great papers to the financial difficulties of a little public plant in an agricultural county in south Georgia. The reason is plain. It would discourage the formation of "power districts," as proposed by Governor Roosevelt and the Power Authority of New York, by Governor La Follette of Wisconsin, Governor Meier of Oregon and several state farmer granges and municipal leagues. Such districts, composed of small municipalities and farm coöperatives, can pool their purchases and buy wholesale power more cheaply and successfully from large public generating stations, served over public transmission lines. The truth is that the Crisp County Power Plant

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are two slim pegs on which the fake story of failure, started on its rounds by The Atlanta Constitution, was hung. First, interest and bond payments totaling $56,250 were due in New York on February 1, and in December the money was not in sight. Second, there was a resolution of the Crisp County Power Commission which was subject to two possible interpretations. The one used—that they were "offering" to sell their plant to the Georgia Power Company—is vehemently denied by the Commission.

As to the first peg, the said $56,250 was paid on the dot. The second is disposed of by a two-fisted letter sent the editor of The Atlanta Constitution by the Crisp County Chamber of Commerce, through Guy T. Cobb, its president. It rebuked that paper for putting in circulation a misleading and injurious tale, which did Crisp County a grave injustice. After relating that non-payment of taxes in Crisp County, as everywhere, and the general collapse in values had made their Commissioners, who were facing a bond payment, fearful, Mr. Cobb says:

> It is regrettable that some of our Commissioners were so incautious as to approach the Georgia Power Company (as a possible purchaser in case of a default on the bonds), but this was very ill advised and has met severe condemnation from our people. A majority of our Commission and practically our entire citizenship are now absolutely opposed to any suggestion to dispose of our plant.

Behind this letter lies a tale that can be duplicated in Los Angeles, Seattle and almost any city owning and operating a power plant which the private interests are determined to wreck or buy—or both. It appears that for some reason, three prominent members of the Crisp County Commission concluded that the plant must be sold. One was a bank president, another a director of the bank, the third a heavy debtor to the bank. On their own responsibility, they conferred with officials of the Georgia Power Company and found it would buy the plant at cost, if Cordele, the county seat, would also sell its distribution system. They strongly urged the other four Commissioners to agree to approaching Mr. P. S. Arkwright, president of the Georgia Power Company, in advance, so that if the obligations of February 1 could not be met, they would not be at the company's mercy. The other four were against selling the plant, but they yielded to the three and passed the resolution.

When these operations became known, there was a violent public reaction. The people became convinced there was a plot on foot to sell the plant. Whether it originated in Cordele or Atlanta, they did not know and cared less. They regarded with suspicion the active part taken by the banker and other two members, since these individuals were believed to be in financial difficulties, and people feared they might be willing to sacrifice the plant to save their bank and themselves through financial aid from the powerful Georgia Power Company. A "Citizens' Committee" was formed and a county mass meeting called for December 23. Chairman J. J. Williams and the other three undaunted Commissioners explained the situation, which was:

There was about $37,000, in hand and in prospect, to meet the New York obligation of $56,250 on February 1. There were some pressing floating debts, most of which could be deferred—just as private business is doing today—leaving at least $25,000 to be raised within thirty days. The proposal was made to inaugurate a taxpaying drive, and was heartily approved. The people were aware they would be unable to pay two years' delinquent taxes, of $150,000, but they resolved to pay all they could, and do everything possible, in order to carry their plant over this depression.

At this point we may revert to Mr. Woodlock's apprehension over "double taxes." He is well aware that in financial circles a similar private plant would be allowed three or four years *in normal times* to show a surplus. "Interest during construction" and early deficits would be paid from borrowed money. But he demands that this public plant pay all fixed and operating expenses from scratch, although he knows the Crisp County plant is only eighteen months old and was started in the midst of the depression. In Cordele, bankers, business men and farmers would tell him, as they told me: "Extra taxes for the power plant are not taxes in the ordinary sense. We regard them as an investment, already being returned in part through lowered electric rates, and certain to be returned many times over by plant profits later on. It is the depression, not plant deficits, that is worrying us."

It was from this point of view that Crisp County made its taxpaying drive—and succeeded. Of key importance in the campaign was the determined stand taken by Mrs. Loam Brown, publisher and editor of The Cordele Daily Dispatch, who, in repeated editorials and news articles, told the people the truth about their power plant and its possibilities. She met the "high tax rate" argument by writing:

> High tax rates are offset by the very low rates on power and light. One business man said he would be able to pay his taxes, both city and county, on what he had saved on power. The Dispatch can say the same thing. Power and lights have cost just about half what they formerly cost the citizens here. . . . The people of this community will do well to make every sacrifice to carry us over this temporary depression, rather than let the Georgia Power Company buy the plant and make us pay for it for the next generation by charging three or four times as much as current is worth.

And again:

> The woman voters here also have something to say. . . . A good many are among the heaviest tax-

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> complaining of heavy taxes. None of them has shown the white feather. . . . Many housewives have installed electric ranges since our own plant began operation, and in nearly every instance the cost has been considerably lower than wood, coal and kerosene stoves, which have been heretofore used because the price of electricity from the Georgia Power Company was so high it was out of the question to install electric ranges. The cost is so reasonable now that ranges and many other labor-saving devices can be installed, and as soon as our plant is on its feet the rates will grow continually cheaper—Our Plant is NOT for Sale.

It was in 1923 that Crisp County embarked on a well planned program of industrial and diversified agricultural development. They had found that the key to success lay in cheap electric power, not obtainable from the private company. Hence they voted $1,250,000 bonds, harnessed a power site or the Flint River near by and on August 1, 1930, they started, with an installed capacity of about 30,000,000 kilowatt hours per year and a prospective capacity of 52,000,000 kilowatt hours. They estimated that the output of their fully developed plant, even if sold at the low average of one cent per kilowatt hour, would yield a gross revenue of $520,000. Deducting fixed charges and operating expenses of about $122,500 would leave a net of around $397,500, from which all advances from taxpayers would soon be liquidated and rates reduced to a startling minimum. *Note again that meeting carrying charges from taxes until the plant turned the corner was planned from the first.*

The nationwide financial hurricane kept on. The county lost a total of $95,000 in bank failures. There would have been serious trouble, as in other counties and cities, even had there been no power plant. Then came the questionable effort to sell the plant by the three Commissioners and the popular repudiation above described.

But are these people well advised? Should other agricultural communities take warning? Is there any hope that cheap industrial power—lower by half than New York rates—will attract factories to Cordele, the county seat, and are Crisp County farmers reasonable when they hope for electric service far below city rates?

Crisp County replies "Yes." Its people declare they will pay from taxes the annual deficit of some $50,000 until the depression ends and the plant has a fair chance. Their determination appears to have a sensible foundation. Since January 1, four factories have located in Cordele. They will require 766 horse power of energy, employ 280 workers and have an annual output valued at about $950,000. As this is written, comes a telegram saying that some larger industries are applying for power in a total amount of 100,000,000 kilowatt hours, or twice the capacity of the plant when fully installed. When after seven years of bitter struggle, this Crisp County enterprise was launched, on August 1, 1930, a celebration was held. The people now feel like having another celebration over the victory of February 1. At any rate, we respectfully call the attention of the genial ex-member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and of the propaganda writers of the National Electric Light Association, to the above "details" for their guidance in future articles about Crisp County and public plants in general.

JUDSON KING.

The Skin Food Skin Game

THE AVERAGE woman, tempted by pictures of luscious girls and marvelous promises of youth and beauty in the advertising pages of her favorite magazines, and yearning to look like a movie star or to get what she feels is her share of attention, resorts to the creams the department stores and her corner drug store are selling. Or she buys treatments and creams in the neighborhood beauty shops. She cannot afford expensive massages and treatments. She shudders away from face lifts or face peels. But she grasps eagerly at the promises the beauty-racket advertisers make to her.

One of the most widely advertised brands of cosmetics, whose attractive packages are displayed in nearly every drug and department store, almost claims to perform miracles. In fact, the claims were so extravagant that only last year the government required that some of them be modified. Even be used instead of soap, "a really marvelous preparation," is shown by laboratory analysis to consist largely of precipitated chalk and a small amount of a granular soap. One might as well wash one's face with any of the well known toothpastes which also consist of chalk and soap. One might even prefer the tooth paste because of the larger percentage of soap present. The price is, of course, extortionate for ingredients which cost so little.

A cream advertised to erase wrinkles, which the manufacturer says "corrects and prevents crows' feet, lines, shriveled eyelids, hollows and aging hands. Nourishes thin, dry wrinkled skins," proves, in the analysis, to be "a white somewhat sticky ointment and to contain an essential oil of some spice, possibly nutmeg. Lanolin is no doubt present and in addition, there is present probably lard and small amounts of petrolatum." In other

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containing some essential oil. Lanolin is frequently used in toilet preparations of this type. Massaging with any well made cream will undoubtedly smooth out the lines to some extent. The price, as usual, is high.

A fascinating whitewash of a generation ago is still being used and advertised, as are other whitewashes of little more value. This one contains, in the dollar bottles, just seven cents' worth of calomel and water. Other preparations contain epsom salts. And one very popular lotion to make you young-looking is a solution of alum, which draws up the skin nicely—but leaves it in an even more relaxed condition after a few hours.

An astringent which the advertiser does not hesitate to say "refines skin texture and imparts an ivorylike smoothness and purity of tone" is essentially a tincture of camphor—a solution of camphor in alcohol with some boric acid and water.

Another cream, extensively advertised and claiming to make the skin lovely—even the name is most attractive—is a grease product containing ammoniated mercury, a poisonous salt, with zinc oxide and bismuth. Several other creams which are alluringly advertised contain the same grease base and ammoniated mercury.

There is no need to go into detail about every cold cream on the market. The creams that are conscientiously made of pure ingredients and decently priced, and for which only slightly extravagant claims are made, are quite as useful as their fancier and more elaborate and extravagant shelfmates. And there are many of these.

One manufacturer of cold creams explained to me, when I asked concerning the seemingly high prices charged. "Well, after all, cosmetics are no higher priced than other necessities and luxuries, when you consider the amount we must spend on advertising and marketing. After all, the price of the cream itself is only a small item."

In the case of expensive brands of creams, the actual cost sometimes is only one-fifth of the price charged for them—taking into consideration the high cost of the formula which the cosmetic manufacturers say they must pay for special creams. Frequently the extravagant and artistic containers cost far more than the contents.

If you have an economical turn of mind, it might interest you to know that the five and ten-cent stores sell lipsticks and rouges and creams manufactured, frequently, by some of the same people who sell their products to department stores and drug stores. Sometimes these chain stores sell the cosmetics under another trade name. Then you get practically the same full-size lipstick for ten cents that you might pay one dollar for a block away.

A most unpleasant angle of the beauty racket is the blind advertisement. This is made to resemble a beauty column and recommends trade-name articles without the employment of capital

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shady as their advertising and in some cases contain ammoniated mercury and alum.

Nearly all doctors agree, these days, that if you are living in a city, or in a steam-heated house anywhere, you may need a skin emollient or softener. Certainly you will need a pure soap. And usually you will need in addition a mild cold cream to cleanse or oil the skin and perhaps even a skin food and a tonic for stimulation.

"Skin food" doesn't feed the skin! All medical authorities, I believe, agree on that. So, when you read extravagant claims made for a cream that is supposed to nourish from without, don't take too literally this manifestation of the beauty business.

Though "skin foods" are erroneously named, they may soften and help the skin to some degree when applied with trained and skillful massage. Astringents and tonics will not cause large pores to disappear although, in some cases, they do help the skin. If your skin is in a bad condition, you certainly cannot rely on the wild promises of manufacturers of cold creams. A skilled dermatologist should study the condition of your system and prescribe for you, for he may find that the trouble is excessive fat in the fat glands or perhaps seborrheaic dermatitis, associated with dandruff of the scalp. Or your skin trouble may come from an internal source, because you are on the wrong diet or because you have peculiar food sensitizations. Or it may come from an external source, from silk fiber or the dyes of furs, or from Japanese lacquer ware or from various plants. Or even from sunlight. The susceptibility of skins varies greatly and it isn't likely that you can be cured by experimenting with the pretty jars on the shelves of the neighborhood drug store.

The most harmful creams are not those sold in beauty parlors or in drug stores to sensible adult people. The greatest harm is selling to the adolescent who wishes, not to regain youth, but to get rid of a "broken out" skin. Creams which promise miracles to these young people usually accomplish only harm. It's easy enough for the boy or girl, whose adolescent skin is in a bad condition, to buy one of these harmful preparations.

One of these creams advertises that it is "entirely different from ordinary ointments in that it is both a bleach and a skin purifier. You will be rewarded with fresh, clear youthful beauty—smooth, white skin—not attained through any other skin treatment." It contains ammoniated mercury, which is so dangerous that it should never be applied unless ordered by a physician.

Cosmetics as a class are not subject to the terms of the Federal Food and Drugs Act, Dr. W. Wharton, chief of the federal Department of Agriculture, writes me, unless the label claims curative therapeutic or preventive value.

The New York Sanitary Code limits the amount of bichloride of mercury that may be used. If used

"poison." Other restrictions are laid on creams and on labels. People susceptible to labels and not to creams, as are many cosmetic users, may think that certain creams aren't quite as good as they used to be because their labels have become more moderate.

Most face powders, on the other hand, are harmless these days, though of course exaggerated claims are made for many of them. The powders loaded with impure zinc oxide and bismuth have about passed out, though some of them still exist. Manufacturers profit by charging far more than the powders are worth and by introducing a complicated color line. Each manufacturer makes from one to fifty shades of powder, though, on the face, many of them appear similar. And, of course, each firm claims special virtues for its powder. The woman with a sensitive skin must experiment until she finds a powder that agrees with her—or have one mixed for her or recommended by a dermatologist.

Whole branches of the beauty business are still untouched. Do you want to get thin? Or fat? The racket has looked out for you.

The get-thin racket is the same old game it was years ago, in spite of the fact that it was exposed, as far back as 1921, by Dr. Arthur J. Cramp in "Nostrums and Quackery," which Dr. Cramp compiled from articles in The Journal of the American Medical Association. Practically the same anti-fat cures exist—and there is a whole group of new ones—for the women who want to get thin by an easier and seemingly more pleasant and mysterious method than exercising and massage and going without an excess of fats, sugars and starches.

At one time a woman who is now a well known night-club hostess lent her name to an anti-fat remedy. For years this remedy made money for the manufacturers. The night-club hostess did not benefit a great deal by the obesity cure. It isn't possible that she could, for it consisted of a pound of alum, ten ounces of alcohol and enough water to make a quart. This was a mail-order cure, for which you paid from twenty to three dollars, according to which letter of the follow-up series you answered. And the alcohol wasn't even declared, as required by the Food and Drugs Act. This cure has gone out, but it has been replaced by others more modern but just as ineffectual. One cure contains tablets which are a mixture of boric acid, cornstarch, milk, sugar and water, of which The Journal of the American Medical Association said, "it will reduce obesity only in those instances in which the boric acid so seriously impairs digestion that the patient loses weight from the resulting illness."

A famous and well advertised anti-fat bread is made from coarsely ground, hard, whole wheat which is preserved and flavored with ground fact that you are supposed to go on a diet as well as eating the bread. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley wrote of this bread, "there is one way in which it will reduce, that is, don't eat any of it or much of any other kind." This bread is still popular. So is another reducer which contains epsom salts, camphor, alum, soda and citric acid. You put this in your bath. It effervesces nicely, which undoubtedly has a good psychological effect, but it is utterly worthless in taking off fat.

A toilet cream for getting thin contains washing soda, soap and water—a soft soap with a value of five cents, though it costs far more. It is useless for reducing purposes. Another fat cure, this time to be swallowed, contains sugar, tartaric acid and baking soda. As you can well imagine, taking this won't in the least help you to get thin. A popular reduction salt is composed of common salt and dried Glauber salt, a curious mixture which could have no effect upon weight. Other preparations contained powdered licorice and bladderwrack.

One of the best known fat cures contains thyroid, which, in many cases, actually will reduce fat—but thyroid is a drug which should never be given unless prescribed by a physician.

Among the newer fat cures is the seemingly simple method of chewing gum. How pleasant to be able to eat all you want, chew a piece of gum after you eat, and get thin! Unfortunately, one type of gum contains the extract of pokeroot and phenolphthalein. And another contains phenolphthalein as its only drug. And the purchaser is supposed to walk five miles a day and take other exercises besides gum chewing! If you are going to take drugs, perhaps it might be better to take them as your doctor directs than to try those concealed in chewing gum, though the walk without the gum chewing will undoubtedly help you.

If you are one of the fortunate minority who wants to get *FAT*—I can't imagine it!—things are just as complicated for you, since most of the patented remedies are useless. Putting your money in good cream and butter and eggs, and milk and fruit and green vegetables, with olive oil and cod-liver oil to help out and consulting a physician if you are greatly underweight, will give you far better value for your dollars.

For the care of the hair, for waving and shampooing and dyeing, go many more millions of beauty-racket money. A permanent wave, a development of the last twenty-five years, may cost from three to fifty dollars. Usually these are done skillfully enough, though there have been frequent reports of severe burns.

Hair dyes are less satisfactory. Usually they deceive no one, are never permanent and frequently dangerous. Innumerable cases of poison have resulted from the more harmful dyes. Hair

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metallic salts, or paraphenylendiamin, and can prove detrimental to the health of sensitive women, resulting in dermatitis, infection, chronic poisoning or baldness.

Hair tonics range from the dangerous through the useless to those of real value. They often contain kerosene, salicylic acid, potassium carbonate, arsenic or sulphur.

For removing hair, electrolysis is sometimes permanent and is safe in expert hands; X-ray is nearly always dangerous; waxes are safe but painful; sulphide depilatories are rapid, painless, temporary and usually harmless; and the good old safety razor is as satisfactory as anything.

The beauty business goes on. A hundred unguents with a hundred promises. Liquids to grow hair—and salves to take hair away. Creams to make faces plump and tonics to reduce "loose" skins. The business is built on one note—a searching by millions of women for a lost youth, an unattained beauty. And millions are spent, mostly in vain. So little can be done to restore a youth that is gone or to gain a beauty that never was. Facial surgery may be resorted to because of disfigurement or a great psychological or economic need. It is expensive, painful and usually temporary.

Face peeling, when properly done, can remove scars, pittings and some forms of skin trouble. There is always the danger of new scar formation and of infection, and much of the tautness is purely temporary.

Beauty parlors which employ skilled operators and handle reputable products offer a great deal. Nearly all of the large manufacturers and their branches offer harmless and sometimes helpful beauty aids, if you do not expect too much of them.

Skillful masseuses, though they frequently promise far more than they can perform, by giving deep muscle massage very often do "tone" the muscles of the face and help the skin—make the patron look healthier and often younger. The more expensive youth-giving treatments still lack scientific recognition.

What can the average woman do to look well? For any real skin trouble she should consult a good dermatologist and not depend on the promises of the beauty parlors. Next, she might choose a beauty parlor and stick to it, one which is well known or handles reputable products, well aware that she is paying luxury prices. A few creams, recommended by the favorite "parlor," are as good as a dozen, and will soften and help to smooth the skin. An occasional massage gives a sense of well being, of good grooming.

Over the beauty business hangs the knowledge that old age will get you in the end. But women still continue to spend millions for gay bottles and pleasant treatments, for glamorous promises and flattery, for temporary escape and luxury. Perhaps it is a small enough price!

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW.

Washington Notes

Statements from the Aspirants—That Mysterious Al—Running Roosevelt Ragged—Dark Horse Garner

THE EXTRAORDINARY developments in the Democratic situation during the past week have overshadowed practically everything else in this locality. The two statements of Governor Roosevelt—one on the League of Nations, the other on prohibition—followed by two statements from the mysterious Al, and one statement from the voluble Shouse, interspersed by statements, interviews and declarations from many Democratic politicians of many different views, have combined to complicate and confuse Democratic prospects in a most unusual way. At this writing, many of our most profound political thinkers and writers are completely baffled. The prophets and prognosticators have become extremely cautious. The atmosphere is thick with feeling, and the Republican hopes, which two weeks ago lay flat on the ground, have raised their feeble heads an inch or two. Under these conditions, none of these prophets and prognosticators is going to be a bit more cagey than I. Roosevelt may beat the combination against him; the combination may beat Roosevelt. I shall make no forecast, but some of the facts about the present situation seem clear enough to put down.

The Smith-Shouse statements, despite the emphatic reiteration of that noble phrase, "I am neither for nor against any candidate," by the one, and the earnestness with which the other dwells upon his "neutrality," are certainly hostile designs to head Roosevelt off. This, it seems to me, is too clear to dispute. Here was Governor Roosevelt gaily riding toward the goal, with his band wagon all bedecked with flowers and crowded with Western and Southern leaders. Left alone just a few weeks longer, he would have crossed the line and—to mix my figure completely—would have had the nomination ball under his arm.

His managers claimed 678 delegates as theirs. They had begun to consider who would make the best running mate for their candidate, and what should be in the platform. Mr. Roosevelt, under the prodding of a really nasty editorial signed by William Randolph Hearst, had denounced the League of Nations and, a few days later, published his letter to Senator Wagner reiterating his stand on the prohibition amendment. It seems to me he made a mistake in rejecting the League. It pained quite a number of his admirers to see him lashed into line by Mr. Hearst and, of course, it deeply offended the worshippers of Woodrow Wilson in every part of the country. Moreover, it had no influence on Mr. Hearst. So far as I have seen, that ruthless and extraordinary man has said no kinder word since the Governor made public announcement of his change of heart on the League than he did before. But that is incidental. The main fact is that Roosevelt's candidacy was in full bloom and there was no other presidential flower in the Democratic garden approaching it in size, beauty or fragrance. As for Garner, Baker and Ritchie, not one of them had enough strength to make a real contest. The race was a one-horse affair and was getting more so every day.

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And then came the Smith announcement that he was not for or against any candidate, that he is not a candidate himself but, if the convention wants him to lead, he will lead. A few days later, Mr. Shouse urged that unpledged delegations be selected and stated that he is "neutral." Mr. Shouse, of course, knows that Mr. Roosevelt is making a desperate campaign for pledged delegates. He knows that pledged delegates mean Roosevelt's nomination, and that unpledged delegates are his chief danger. Under these circumstances it is a strange sort of neutrality to plead for unpledged delegates.

The Roosevelt people here do not believe in neutrality at all. On the contrary, they regard it as a distinctly unfriendly move. They class Smith, Raskob and Shouse together as the anti-Roosevelt group, and in my estimation, do so rightly. In addition, they so classify Frank Hague of New Jersey, Mayor Cermak of Illinois, James Middleton Cox of Ohio, Senator Walsh and Governor Ely of Massachusetts, Governor Cross of Connecticut, Messrs. Collins, Kistler and Hemphill of Pennsylvania. Around these men the anti-Roosevelt movement revolves. The effect of the Smith-Shouse statements was to stiffen the determination of these and some other leaders, who have been conveniently and expediently keeping under cover, to prevent the Roosevelt nomination, and make them believe they can do it.

The net effect, as I see it, has been abruptly to stop progress in the Roosevelt movement. Heretofore the states he holds have practically fallen into his lap with almost no effort upon his part. The anti-Smith sections and the Dry sections have adhered to him because of the entirely justified belief that Smith did not want him and that he is not so militantly insistent upon a repeal plank in the platform as the other aspirants. Now he will have to fight to get anything further and even to keep what he has. Moreover, the fighting will have to be done in Wet states, in which he is weakest and Smith sentiment is strong.

In the primaries of these states either a Smith slate of delegates or an uninstructed, anti-Roosevelt slate will be filed. It may easily be that he will, through organization and sentiment, win in Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. If he wins in any two of these, then the effort to head him off will have failed. If he loses in both Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, then, I should say, the chances of his being defeated in the convention are very good. The first test will be in the New Hampshire primaries on March 8. This will not, however, be a conclusive test, for the state is a small one. The real test will come in the April primaries in Pennsylvania.

Of course, a great deal of interest is now centered upon the Tammany attitude, and intimations are thrown out that, as a result of the appeal for non-pledged delegates, there will be no resolution of instructions for Roosevelt by the state convention. Both Al Smith and Jimmie Walker are expected to be among the delegates at large. No one pretends that the Mayor's feelings toward the Governor are flavored with friendship, and Al says "I'm not for or against him." Under these conditions, it is contended, it would be absurd to bind the whole delegation for Roosevelt.

that Mr. Roosevelt's chances have diminished. Two weeks ago he practically had a clear field. Now, obstacles have sprung up all around, and he must fight or go under. He is still far in the lead and the anti-Smith forces behind him are far more militantly with him than before. They deeply resent Smith's attempt at leadership and from the Roosevelt camp have come some pretty bitter remarks on the "rule or ruin" line. Also, considerable ridicule has been made of Smith's statement, which had about it something of the Coolidge "I do not choose to run" flavor, and certainly was lacking in the customary Smith candor. It was, in fact, a rather absurdly worded statement, but the effect has not been absurd.

With Smith out to prevent Roosevelt's nomination and with his own nomination one of the few things which it is safe to consider an impossibility in the convention, the chances of every other aspirant in the field are naturally improved. Speaker Garner is picked by most as the likeliest compromise candidate, but it seems to me that, if the convention is an open one, the leaders will think a long time before agreeing on the popular Jack. Jack has two very considerable handicaps. The first is that although he voted against the Eighteenth Amendment, he has since been a political Dry, that he comes from a Dry section and that there is slight chance of his taking a genuinely Wet stand. The second is that there is nothing about either himself or his record to appeal particularly to the conservative business interests in New York.

The Democrats argue that success is not possible unless they can carry New York, and New York cannot be carried without the support of the "business interests." This conviction, on which Democratic strategy has been based during this session of Congress, would weigh against Mr. Garner. Also, the fondness of Mr. Hearst for him is not altogether an asset. The truth is that no one can see very far ahead in the Democratic situation. There are so many ways of making a mistake that I do not wonder the inner Hoover circle has become heartened, despite the gloom in which the Republican party is steeped. There is always hope.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Hard Neighbor

How neighborless the sea, that hour by hour
Heaves at the land its salt and sterile foam;
Its raging stallions crunching at the flower
Knit in the shore's disintegrating loam.
Hold as earth will the mountain's ambuscade
Set in the moveless plain, here earth is neighbored
Sternly and by a scouring sea betrayed,
And given to grief for that wherefor it labored.

No rancher tills a coast thus harshly friended,
Seeing how year by year the loam gives way
To that increasing field by cold moon tended.
Whoever paused to labor left to stay.
And the land, deserted, lessens; until sea horses
Burst from the foam and follow the watercourses.

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History and Mystery

If Booth Had Missed, by Arthur Goodman. Maxine Elliott's Theatre, February 4, 1932.

The Fatal Alibi, by Michael Morton and Agatha Christie. Booth Theatre, February 10, 1932.

AS THE courtesan in Alciphron wrote to her lover, what a pity one cannot keep house with tears. Simalion the lover had written Petalé of his laments at her door, his weeping only afresh with wine instead of being consoled by it, and all because she would not let him come near her. In her letter Petalé added that he should cease sending her wreaths as if she were an untimely grave and cease the weeping nights; a little money every day, such as Menekleides gave to Philotis, was better than sighing and sobbing. That was around the year 160 A. D. and Petalé is long since gathered to her fathers, the first time perhaps that she had known exactly who they were. If I say that there is something in all this that reminds me of the theatre, I shall not be the first to compare it with the scarlet woman. But the case this time is shifted. The tears I mean are those of the theatre's high visionaries, committees, dinner arrangers and despairers. They are always telling us how racked their souls are and what trash the theatre just now has to offer. When a play like "If Booth Had Missed" comes along, the gifts would be a sturdy endorsement, a full attendance, a recognition that here is a good matter out of American life, much of it a good drama, all of it serious and honestly written, and some of it very fine. Applauding its arrival in town would be one way of drying our tears. If this play fails, we shall have had a good comment on the theatre's use of significant American material.

I hope I may not be publicly rude if I make one further observation before speaking of the play itself. Sitting there in the theatre and looking at the audience a few nights after the opening, I noted the mélange and muddle that they were. I saw this rehashing and publication of the human face, vivid, heterogeneous, restless and empty, on which this particular dramatic piece was writing very little, and thought bitterly how the substance of it, not Lincoln merely, but the whole substance, drawn from a deep, sweet source in our national character and story, meant nothing to such people. I thought, too, what a misfortune it is that the fountain of our American drama must arise here in New York. New York, in addition to the needed réclame for the provincial snobbery and advertising, can give a certain polish, a certain snap and speed, but, as material, New York contributes to our drama what is for the most part only flurry and raw rubbish. The wonder and sweep of the visual side of it bring the theatre some good stale marvel and boasting, which will soon be headlined into tripe. The mixture of races supplies mere platitude and journalism, not much beyond that; and the American life is only night clubs, gin, thin artists and such a spatter of society as may be gathered from newspapers. To cut the matter short, you can say that "If Booth Had Missed" is a play in which profound and tender and genuine American material is used. It is a fine contrast to what usually happens when some playwright appears with a breath of life from some far off community or sect[illegible] for the hasty, greedy and stereotyped town taste. There is something about this play of Mr. Goodman's that makes you want to hover around it, protect and proclaim it.

The story of "If Booth Had Missed" turns on the supposition that Lincoln has come safely past the attempt to assassinate him and has lived on to carry out the plans he has laid down for the reconstruction of the United States after the Civil War. In the first act the attempt at assassination is presented, and in the second scene Thaddeus Stevens and Stanton, Secretary of War, are plotting to overthrow the President and put in Grant, after him Stanton himself perhaps, and to reap the proper harvest in the crushing of the South. In the second act Lincoln meets his Cabinet, states his intentions with regard to the South and the country as a whole, is endorsed by all save Stanton, whose resignation thereupon he requests. Meanwhile there have been intervals with Tad, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Jefferson Davis and other motivations that add to the plot and content. The next scene brings word that the President has been impeached on six charges; there is a riot of Lincoln's partisans, which he quiets. In the last scene, before the Supreme Court, General Butler defends the state against Lincoln, and Stanberry, now that the prosecution is complete, gets permission from the Chief Justice to present Lincoln himself. The votes are finally taken one by one; by a deciding vote Senator Grimes settles the case. Not Guilty. As Lincoln raises his arms in thanksgiving one of his enemies sends a bullet into his side. The play ends with an epilogue, years after: the lone statue of the hero, behind the railings of its enclosure, under the trees, against the night sky. The extent to which the history of Andrew Johnson has been transferred to Lincoln is evident. Some of the last act is loose dramatically, though the end clinches the point: eventually Lincoln's fate would have been the same, the world would not have such a man.

The production of such a play, expensive and very difficult, came off pretty fairly. The settings by Mr. Rollo Wayne were in all cases good. The large company of actors had a good spirit and were at least better than is usually seen in a historical ensemble. Among the counsellors and members of the government the playing was far above the average, done mostly by older actors whose very superior work was not an encouraging comment on our younger stage generation. Mr. John Nicholson's Thaddeus Stevens was admirable impersonation. Mr. Daniel Poole's Lincoln seemed to me much the best I ever saw tried either on the stage or in the moving pictures. It seems to me closer to that which, however true, exact or created it may be with the years passing, remains the most profound and lovely American myth. What Mr. Poole gives us is not the slushy Great Heart business and not some pseudo half-successful epical figure. It is something very racial. It has in it the straightness and goodness of hard, frontier struggle and simple hopes. It is genuinely pathetic in the best sense. It makes you search your own heart. Without getting the discussion up into the heights, I should think that these qualities are a fine thing for any actor to compass in a task so difficult and confusing as attempting nowadays a stage figure of Lincoln.

For my part I consider this play of Mr. Goodman's far

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had the advantage of the World War tension. It also had a simpler task, which was, in a sort of ballad simplicity of tale and method, to get us up to the moment of Lincoln's assassination and to the celebrated historical remark that said he was one with the ages. There was a good deal of pseudo reserve and pretense of the elemental in Mr. Drinkwater's drama, and an absence of complexity that gave people a sort of snobbish sense of preference for the severe, classic, virile and heroic. This new Lincoln play proceeds more genuinely, without such epical assumptions, though the reason for its greater importance consists in the fact of its richer content; its texture is far richer and its humanity more absorbing.

Two technical difficulties about the play could easily be improved. Fewer people on the stage in the first scene or a more distributed dialogue would help prevent that sense of futility that nearly always accompanies such scenes in the theatre, with first this and then that pair talking, chins silently moving, pantomimic continuity and so on. The impression of slowness that we get from time to time in the production of "If Booth Had Missed" derives very likely from an attempt to obtain removal and something of the dignity of history by slow and deliberate speech. You can see rather the same effort in "Distant Drums," with the pioneers. Such bearded discourse has to be very expertly timed and varied or it only slows up our response.

Mr. John Anderson's rewriting of the dialogue of "The Fatal Alibi" has given this production of Mr. Jed Harris' a fresher value throughout than appeared in the London version. As compared with the mystery plays that I have seen on the stage, this agreeable company of people who are convincing, instead of actors so common that we put up with them only as puppets in a tale, seem to me to improve rather than diminish our pleasure in seeing the puzzle of Sir Roger Ackroyd's death work itself out from dinner time to murder time and on to utmost revelations. This same thickening of the texture was furthered by the playing of Mr. Charles Laughton, whose performance last autumn in "Payment Deferred" attracted such attention. I have written elsewhere that that performance, however marvelously expert and unerring in realistic accomplishment, lacked design and a choice relation to the value of the play in hand. In "The Fatal Alibi" Mr. Laughton's playing is wit itself. Many actors are funny, can carry gags through, can be comic. Genuinely witty acting is at bottom a technical matter; it appears through pure acting elements, as witty piano playing might do. For all the comedy acting to be seen on Broadway, I doubt if there are half a dozen witty players on our stage. Mr. Laughton puts, also, many elements into his performance that are not necessary to his role but that make it all the more abundant and entertaining. Along with the necessary dramatic theme of the character of M. Poirot, the French detective, such a performance as Mr. Laughton's builds up a kind of full and varied counterpoint that remains happily in our thoughts long after any mere solutions of the mystery game are faded.

Miss Effie Shannon, as the thoroughbred, if nebulous, sister-in-law, Mrs. Ackroyd, represented both a piece of genius in casting and a superb characterization, as well as

A Libretto and Some Theories

THE CLEVER libretto of "Jack and the Beanstalk," the *Singspiel* by John Erskine and Louis Gruenberg first performed by the students of the Juillard School to invited audiences, and more recently to the general public, doubly demands attention. It demands it as excellent entertainment bound to modify the jinx resting on the American lyric drama. The *Singspiel* had a little run on Broadway during the Christmas vacation; the possibility that it may gain a place in operatic repertories is not minimal; and both the success and the promise of further successes flow from the wit of the libretto. The book demands further attention as the illustration of some theories of the ideal libretto, and their practical proof. These theories, stated in the program notes, are threefold, and pretend (1) that a libretto should be comic; (2) that it should be based upon a plot familiar to the audience; and (3) that it should be a bare outline, an unadorned structure of words chosen not for their own sakes, but merely as supports for music. The reception of the little piece in which they are embodied cannot but afford them an ascendancy over the growing group of ambitious American composers.

Perhaps the directest approach to the test of the validity of these theories is the examination of the form of the libretto they have helped produce. Now, the book of "Jack and the Beanstalk" falls wholly into the category of romantic wit. Sketch that it is, it is thoroughly representative of the half-playful, half-ironic *genre* illustrated in the theatre by the mordant fairy-tale comedies of Gozzi and of Tieck. The world unfolded by it is characteristically childlike, atrocious and enchantingly irrational. There is a cow in "Jack" which not only talks, but infers and thinks more sensibly than the human characters. There is an old woman, gradually transformed into a ravishing young princess. There is a young lad who outwits a bloodthirsty giant; bringing his magic harp, his hen which lays golden eggs and his captive princess back in triumph to his own home.

And like its patterns, the farce ironizes from some superior viewpoint both the actual world and rational philosophy, and the naïve desires animating its own egotistical fantasies and triumphant pictures. The giant bristles with platitudes about the sanctity of the home, uttering his conventional banalities in a balmy falsetto. And he cannot control his appetites for flesh and gold; and finally comes to grief through his incapacity to check his tendency to slumber off at crucial moments. Jack and the cow talk philosophy. Jack patronizes her with school-wisdom, telling her that animals are incapable of making moral choices. The cow patiently, briefly, demonstrates the fallacy of the rationalists, and sighs over the brutality of human beings. At the end, during the universal jubilation following the sudden death of the giant, she warns Jack and his princess "What do a bag of gold, and a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that plays magic tunes, amount to, as things to begin life on? The giant was a failure. I nearly fell into the hands of the butcher. And all I can tell you, gold and hen and harp notwithstanding, is, you'd better

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romantic wit is justifiable, and that does not concern the general conception, but the unsingableness of the language in which it is couched. That is extraordinarily arhythmical. If Erskine managed to communicate his wit to us, it was largely thanks to the *Singspiel's* immemorial toleration of the spoken dialogue. Thus, while what was "too stupid to be said" in "Jack" could scarce be sung, what was too clever to be sung remained intelligible. Possibly some of the inarticulacy developed from Gruenberg's declamation, the outstanding weakness of his tasteful score. For some impenetrable reason, and with monotonous regularity, the composer coupled a long note to the first syllable of all the polysyllabic words!

The particular relevancy of John Erskine's theories of the libretto to the type of expression exemplified in "Jack and the Beanstalk" must now be clear. The ironic perception naturally battens on a comic libretto, a situation both the source and the object of mirth: the happy feeling of superiority being possible only *vis-a-vis* an expressively finite world-picture. It also battens upon a plot already familiar to the audience and entailing the pleasure of recognition, for the reason that the harmless, the predictable and the banal help excite the feeling of distance and the levity of the spirit. Bareness of structure and insufficiency of poetry are equally favorable to it, since it finds a pleasure in viewing the poverty of our imagination from without. But if these theories of the ideal libretto are relevant to expressions of romantic wit, they are also relevant to no other expressions. A cursory examination of their truth to past experience, and their reliability as bases for future constructions, will reveal their limitations. The best dramatic music has by no means invariably been allied with comic libretti. The scores of "Tristan" and of "Orfeo" are no less genial than those of "Die Meistersinger" and "The Marriage of Figaro"; nor have they failed to interest generations of audiences any less steadily than their comic brethren. To take from music its opportunities to interpret and heighten tragical texts would unnecessarily deprive it of at least half its powers. Erskine says that "most operas survive, if at all, in spite of dull and gloomy stories." There is no doubt that certain of them, "Fidelio," for example, have stood the gaff of time in spite of the poor literary qualities of their books; and that others of equal musical merit, "Euryanthe," for instance, have had great difficulty in maintaining themselves because of the wretchedness of their libretti. But the identification of tragedy with dullness and gloominess seems to us excessively arbitrary. It has still to be proven that a serious operatic action is less attractive than a comic one, and that a "comic" action cannot be quite as dull and gloomy as a tragic one. Broadway yearly gives manifold evidence that it can.

Nor is the difficulty of following the plot of an opera to which one comes in ignorance—John Erskine's reason for the selection of familiar plots—a valid excuse for depriving the future operatic work of the interest accruing from an unhackneyed plot, or a familiar subject subtly expressed and motivated. And even the most traditional or legendary subject freshly treated would bristle with subtleties. The difficulties of specific communication are among the drawbacks of opera and opera-comique, balancing its immense effectiveness; but they are not insuperable. Many composers Frenchmen by their exquisite declamation, Wagner and his school by the use of *leit-motifs* and fluent psychological modulation of the musical expression. In any case, the impurity of the bath water is no good reason for throwing out the baby. One might with equal justice deny Shakespeare the stage because the full appreciation of his poetry demands some previous preparation for it, or Milton the style of poet because he found it necessary to prefix arguments to the cantos of "Paradise Lost."

As for the plea for the barrenness of the structure of the libretto and the complete subservience of words to music, it appears equally airy; unsupported as it is by past experience and wanting sufficient point to recommend it to living composers. We all know how many of the best and most popular operas are based on libretti intricately worked out and words marshaled with considerable literary skill, from Wagner's to Sullivan's, and from Mozart's and Rossini's settings of the comedies of Beaumarchais, to Strauss's settings of the tragedies of Wilde and Hofmannsthal. It is almost safe to say that the literary quality of the libretto, often the immediate motive of the score, is one of the best agents of the composer's inspirations. True, instances of musical triumphs over the incompetence of librettists dot the literature of opera. But Mr. Erskine is extreme. He would rule literature out entirely. "If a libretto were self-sufficient poetry," he says, "to add music would be an impertinence." The world may well smile to learn that it owes "Boris" and "Pelléas" to impertinences.

Thus, the generalities of Mr. Erskine prove themselves quite untheoretical. Perhaps, in considering them so seriously, we have actually missed their main intention: they may very well have been part of the fun of the occasion of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Yet if we have been humorless, they, for their part, were certainly unnecessary. The little work was thoroughly able to move without their aid.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Third Party Program

SIR: In behalf of the League for Independent Political Action I thank you for the generous amount of space you accorded its recently published program. I note that you regret that the program "was not built around a central, unifying idea." The reason for the absence of any attempt at a unifying philosophy might perhaps have been made clear to your readers if you had noted that the program is entitled "A Four Year Presidential Plan: 1932-36." The League has a long-time educational program. But the present document is deliberately confined to a short-span statement. Liberals and radicals are perhaps too much given to putting forth "central" ideas in large forms and remote from application. In any event, our aim was to indicate things which needed to be done in the next presidential term of office and which might be done if a genuinely progressive party were in power.

You also indicate that in your judgment the central idea should be a "planned national economy." Speaking for myself rather than officially for the League, I would say that in my judgment, a planned economy is a matter of a general educational policy and is supra-political (or infra-political), not a matter for a political campaign. I fear that the attempt to present it as political matter will be confusing, and if indulged in will play into the hands of the upholders of the present system. After the depression has lasted a year or two more and the inefficacy of the palliative measures now being taken is evident, I expect to see representa-

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plans for congressional action. But that is, quite literally, their funeral. I do not see why radicals should help them. If, however, the latter have urged a planned economy as a present *political* policy, they will find it difficult to enlighten the public mind when they are forced to begin opposing Fascist schemes for stabilizing the speculative-profit system.

New York City. JOHN DEWEY.

Poland: No Empire on the Make

SIR: Mr. Farbman reiterated in The New Republic of January 13 the prevailing American conception of Poland's position in European politics. He represented her as swollen with ambition and lust for land, a potential trouble-maker in Europe. To what extent is this true?

Not Poland, but the enemies of Poland who refuse to accept the status quo, are the trouble-makers. Poland is content to remain within the boundaries established for her in 1918. The maps which Mr. Farbman declares Poles to be circulating, maps showing Poland when her territories reached from the Baltic to the Black Sea, are displayed simply to show the facts of Poland's historic position in Europe. No sensible Pole expects or even desires to recover the old territories of the Polish-Lithuanian Empire. These maps are published abroad to counter-balance the circulation by Germany of pre-war maps showing the inflated territories of the Reich during Poland's temporary captivity.

Poland is charged by Mr. Farbman with deliberate anti-Semitism. Poland's very openness to this charge arises from her policy of non-restriction during the Middle Ages, a leniency which allowed the Jews to multiply unduly and develop a completely foreign culture in the midst of Catholic Poland. Jews cannot today escape the inexorable social law that as loyal citizens of the Republic they will be protected, but as separatists consorting with the enemy they will be distrusted and attacked. The delicate balance that enables Jews and Poles to live peaceably together in normal times is continually being upset by the agitation of foreign Jews, especially American, whose misguided meddling is resented by the Poles as intensely as Americans would resent investigation by a foreign commission of the lynching of Negroes or the treatment of the Japanese in California.

The very liberals, including Mr. Farbman, who deplore the presence of a virtual dictatorship in Poland are making it impossible for a more democratic regime to succeed. If a sort of martial law does exist in Poland it is because the bitterness of her enemies and the dangers which beset the Republic seem to make it advisable to submit to a dictatorship. Nations have always called upon dictators to manage affairs in times of extreme crisis. Friends of democracy for Poland must realize that the only way they can hasten a return to parliamentary government in that country is by relieving the tension and fear that threaten on all sides. By continually harassing her and attacking her policies, liberals the world over are bound to achieve the diametrically opposite result.

New York City. ARTHUR P. COLEMAN.

Broadcast Music

SIR: Allow me to commend Mr. B. H. Haggin's article on broadcasting in this country [The New Republic, January 20]. He has touched upon an extremely sore spot. With the exception of the New York Philharmonic, I turn to the radio with expectancies of disappointment and find I am not wrong 99 44/100ths of the time. . . .

Mr. Haggin mentions the Philco line of broadcasts, in which Stokowski performs, also the Detroit Symphony programs. I think it will be generally found that few of the million listeners ever fully enjoy these because of the interference from other stations, unless one lives close to the cities where these broadcasts are relayed. This seems another poor situation—that our radio commission has allowed stations to have such close wave lengths.

Mr. Haggin would be interested in knowing that there is in this state a radio-cultural desert, and not so many miles from your office. This is Schenectady, home of WGY. . . . I have they can never get from WGY and which that station's interference prevents their getting from other stations. . . .

Advertisers are becoming increasingly dubious of the benefits from radio, and as this doubt grows with the present depression, it may be that the air will have to be filled with some style of concert music. This does not guarantee its quality, of course. It would be surprising to the broadcasters and advertisers to know the thousands of sets that are lying idle in homes because of the miserable programs. This is especially so in the middle class. . . .

North Rose, N. Y. L. J. SALTER.

Freedom in Ireland

SIR: In view of the widespread and sympathetic interest of the American people in the resistance to the imperialistic regime of Britain in India, I deem it opportune to draw attention to that island which has so continuously resisted absorption within the British Empire and which undoubtedly in the years 1916-1921 set a headline and glorious example to all the oppressed peoples—Ireland.

Most people understand that the threat of immediate and terrible war, made by Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill and the English Cabinet of December, 1921, had permanently terrified and intimidated the Irish people into accepting a so-called treaty, which destroyed the unity of Ireland and created two abominations, the Free State and Northern Ireland. But the fruits of the so-called treaty, i. e., two parliaments, in Northern Ireland and the Free State, two armies, British in Ulster and National in the Free State, two senates, two judiciaries, two excessively numerous police forces, have disillusioned the Irish people as to the extent of freedom achieved. And the financial payment to Britain, forced upon the Free State as compensation to ex-British police forces, civil servants and land tribute—a burden amounting to over $20,000,000 annually (equivalent per capita to the burden resting upon the German people for reparations)—has created a position where it is incumbent upon the Irish people to repudiate the so-called treaty.

This tendency to repudiate is the real reason for the drastic Coercion Bill made effective last October in the Free State. The definite feature of this Coercion Bill is the abrogation of all clauses in the Free State Constitution safeguarding the lives and liberties of the citizens. In other words, for political offenses, the civil law has been suspended, the jury system abolished, a military tribunal with power to fix sittings and inflict the death penalty set up and the right of free assembly abolished. Police forces, not necessarily in uniform, have power, without warrant, to arrest citizens, take their fingerprints, to demand under penalty their names and addresses and to enter premises by day and by night. Twelve Republican labor organizations have been suppressed and three weekly newspapers, The Republic, The Irish Worker and The Worker's Voice, driven out of circulation by the tribunal.

Whilst a large number of prisoners have been dragged before the military tribunal and sentenced, it is worth recording that the first man to be tried by these three military officers was an American citizen, John Mulgrew, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mulgrew, born in Mayo, returned to Ireland from America last year and interested himself in an organization named Saor Eire (Save Ireland), the objects of which are to bring about in Ireland the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange, to restore the Irish language and the culture peculiar to the Irish people. He was charged by the tribunal with membership in this organization. At his trial Mulgrew stated that he had been savagely beaten by police officers. He was sentenced to six months' hard labor. He is now serving his sentence in a military prison in Dublin, garbed in convict clothes, his head shaven, and a rule of absolute silence in jail imposed upon him and his fellow political prisoners. Thoroughly appreciating the sincere interest of The New Republic in oppressed peoples and in the safeguarding of the rights and liberties of American citizens, I feel that the outbreak of coercion and the treatment meted there to John Mulgrew, an American citizen, are matters upon which you can focus the attention of all those in America who have regard for liberty and justice.

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"Peace, Peace! When There Is No Peace"

American Writers on American Literature, edited by John Macy. New York: Liveright, Inc. 539 pages. $5.

ACCORDING to the worn Coleridgean saw, the first critical question is, What is the author aiming to do? and the question can be asked as pointedly about criticism as about the thing criticized. Here is a coöperative volume on American letters that forces a reader very quickly to ask, What are these critics aiming to do? What, for that matter, is Mr. Macy, as editor, aiming at? One obvious answer can be disposed of at once. This volume is not a serious attempt, certainly not a successful attempt, to make available for ordinary readers the fruits of the last industrious decade in the scholarly study of American literature. Not that there is no excellent scholarship in the volume: such names as those of K. B. Murdock, R. M. Lovett, Raymond Weaver, Allan Nevins, S. T. Williams and G. F. Whicher would give the lie to any stricture so sweeping as that. But sound scholarship can hardly have been the prime desideratum, or the book would not be graced by so many chatty, wandering and marrowless essays as it is: Louis Bromfield on Hawthorne, W. D. Howe on Whittier, Edwin Markham on Poe, William Allen White on post-Civil War fiction, James Oppenheim on Whitman—these contributors would hardly have been called in if mere research had been in question. Few of them, it is true, are so actively unscholarly as Louis Bromfield, who credits Hawthorne with begetting but two children, says that he was patronized by the "slightly older" Longfellow, observes that he died "when he was still a young man, as life goes," and indeed that he died not only prematurely but "alone, as he perhaps wished to die." But, if few of these writers treat the facts so jauntily, too many of them have been content with "appreciation" not to lower the academic tone of the whole.

Worse things could certainly be said against a book. The truth is, Mr. Macy has outlined his own intentions pretty explicitly in the introduction; and he doubtless speaks more or less faithfully for his contributors. Dissatisfied with any of the extant surveys of American literature, says Mr. Macy, he hoped to be able to assemble a group of collaborators united only "by their common interest in the art of writing," and determined to "approach literature primarily from a literary point of view." But not only this. All these writers, varied as they are, represent together the "point of view of today." All of them, the most venerable as well as the youngest, "speak from and for the year 1930." Fortunately, says Mr. Macy, since "American criticism is better today than it has ever been before." And why? Largely because it has learned the lessons of the last twenty years—years during which the tameness and sterility of the old professorial school were challenged and routed by the rebels on the outside, so successfully that the professors themselves, without of course losing their heads, have by this time mostly gone over to the insurgent camp. Of the rebels, there were two groups (Mr. Macy clearly has in mind the followers of Mencken and the critics of The Seven Arts, The Dial and the liberal weeklies): the one group had bad manners, but they were the bad manners of satirists, and the satire took effect; the other group had good manners, and indeed were over-serious and Messianic, but their criticism had "vitality and a young heart," and [illegible] demolished the old idols. Now the dirty work has all been done: American criticism can begin to breathe naturally: something good is in all these schools, and at last, in what Mr. Macy calls "a fusion of values," we can proceed to reconcile them all—the professors, the hard-boiled, the malcontents—and good-naturedly reap the prosperous harvest of so much struggle and sweat.

On the surface, Mr. Macy's Three Power Treaty of American criticism would seem to be a real triumph of diplomacy. It is true that, from the old point of view of ten or fifteen years ago, the most incongruous bedfellows are here assembled—Harold de Wolf Fuller and Hartley Grattan, H. W. Boynton and Gilbert Seldes, James Oppenheim and Brand Whitlock; and that they lie here smiling blandly in one another's faces. Even Mr. R. M. Lovett, generally regarded as a radical, writes on the Tory, Lowell, in a vein not easily to be distinguished from that in which the reactionary Fuller writes of Holmes. Hartley Grattan on Mark Twain is reminiscent of Stuart Sherman on the same subject, and Henry Hazlitt's finished essay on Emerson would hardly be repudiated (for its sentiments) by Mr. Percy H. Boynton. If "amenity," to cite Mr. Macy's word, is a prime virtue in criticism, there is one point in which this volume is not to be surpassed. Yet amenity, on reflection, seems too fair a word for the neutral good-breeding with which most of these essays are written. Something is amiss somewhere. If the new harmony in American criticism of which Mr. Macy speaks were a positive thing, if it were a fruit of old quarrels and not merely an evasion of them, then surely this would be an exhilarating volume: these are eminent names that Mr. Macy has summoned to his side, and in most of their subjects there is plenty of latent electricity. But these writers strike out no sparks: instead we have pleasant panegyrics (such as Carl Van Doren's) on the remote radicalism of Thomas Paine, appeals (such as Howard Mumford Jones's) to reconsider the value of Longfellow's "serene faith in goodness," and songs of praise (such as Hamlin Garland's) for W. D. Howells because he "remains the true American" and "most of us in America are a pretty decent sort of fellows." If this is Mr. Macy's new wine, it is a weak and watery vintage.

Yet all these writers, says he, "speak from and for the year 1930." As a matter of fact, they speak "from and for" no such dangerous date. They speak for 1920, some of them; they speak, for the most part, for 1910; a few of them speak very adequately for 1890. Not a single voice here speaks with any authority for 1930, or 1931, or 1932. Mr. Macy's pacifist program, if nothing else, puts this out of the question. For what would it mean to speak, even on literary, even on historical subjects, "from and for" the year 1930? It would mean to speak from and for a year in which a decaying social order entered finally on its last dismal phase of disintegration, a year in which American imperialism at length showed itself in its true light even to the obtuse imagination of intellectuals, a year in which a social class long in power began to see the days of its power numbered. It would mean to speak from the point of view of those who see that the middle class is bankrupt not only socially and politically but—more importantly, since it is criticism that is in question—culturally and intellectually. If its bankruptcy on these levels needed to be demonstrated, where evidence so abounds, this historical volume, with its eminent list of contributors, would be demonstration enough. The class for which these writers speak is not only no longer capable

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conservation. Middle-class writers, as such, have lost the capacity to deal creatively even with their own spiritual heritage: even Franklin and Emerson, even Whitman and Hawthorne, are too much for them. It is now the spokesmen for another class who will have to say what is worth saying about these bourgeois geniuses.

There is no reason why a volume of essays on American literature could not be written "from and for" the year 1930. But it would have to be written by men fully conscious that they live in a period of social crisis, of revolutionary social transition; that, hence, the momentous things to say about literary history are now only to be said from a social, not "primarily from a literary point of view"; that the vital questions now are: What, realistically, has been the social history of the American mind? What classes have held social power long enough to achieve cultural maturity? What have been the idiosyncrasies of their culture, and what connection have these with their economic needs? What classes have been excluded from culture in part or altogether? When did American literature reach its apogee, and what has been the pathology of its decline? How much of it was valid for a particular class in a particular era, and how much of it rises above its class setting into general validity? How is this latter to be saved from the philistines and made available to another class in another age? Such questions cannot be answered by writers who speak "primarily from a literary point of view." Literary values, not social, are at stake; but a sense of literary values is not limited to critics who ignore all other values; and, in a period of profound social change, these can be isolated and clarified in their true independence only when all the relevant non-literary questions have been carefully asked and cogently answered. To ask them, and to answer them, will be to initiate a battle beside which the wars of Mr. Macy's bad-mannered satirists and good-natured rebels will be seen for what they were: on the one hand, the last protest of the vanishing Bohemian against the philistinism of the middle class; on the other, the last protest of high-minded individualism against the destructive individualism of the same class. To ask such questions, I say, and to answer them, will not be to reconcile the irreconcilable: it will not be to act as if "the last of days were fading, and all wars were done." It will be, on the whole, to bring not peace but a sword.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Two Poets

The Signature of Pain and Other Poems, by Alan Porter. New York: The John Day Company. 88 pages. $2.50.

Jane Matthew and Other Poems, by Eda Lou Walton. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. 147 pages. $2.

"THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN," by Alan Porter, is published in America after an enthusiastic and even extravagant reception by the English press. In accordance with the practice of an earlier period which seems to have done something to define the form of Mr. Porter's poetry, the volume is prefaced by Edmund Blunden and others in commendatory verses which are neither better nor worse than verses should be for such a polite occasion. But the quality of Mr. Porter's performance does not too greatly betray his friends. His work has already been compared without embarrassment to "all but the very greatest passages of even the greatest of the seventeenth-century masters—of much contemporary poetry an affinity with the metaphysical school, although such affinity in most cases is not reasonably justified by either technique or spirit. This claim, however, can more readily be maintained in regard to a number of the poems published here.

In the first place, there is apparent a certain "tough reasonableness"—a meticulous structure of idea—beneath the differing degrees of lyric grace on the surface of these poems. Judgment, to employ the sometimes vicious abstractions of Hobbes, provides the structure, and fancy the ornament. In a few of the items, such as "Love in Constancy" or the title piece, the material is ordered in the precise terms of argument, the principle of approach used by Marvell and certain of his predecessors with such distinctive poetic success. Indeed, in almost all of Mr. Porter's work, sometimes in default of other virtues, there is a sense of direction and intellectual suspense not present in the poetry of the immediate tradition which engaged itself so frequently in the mere exploitation of mood.

But the success of such a method as Mr. Porter has chosen depends on the degree to which fancy emotionally realizes, rather than ornaments, the progression and end prescribed by judgment. Or, since such realization is indeed the secret of all poetic effect, the matter can be stated conversely with more pertinence: with this treatment of theme, a failure in such realization is, by contrast with the naked logical expertness, more obvious and vulnerable. Sometimes, as in "The Signature of Pain" itself, this is the case, and the reader is betrayed into admiration, or interest, by qualities which are not peculiarly poetic.

The nature of Mr. Porter's "wit" is not without bearing on this point. In developing an idea he uses a type of comparison, or implied figure, of a non-sensory character which is best exhibited in such poems as "Love in Constancy" or "Song to Court a Lady With." But his practice does not exploit that juxtaposition of the sensory and non-sensory metaphor which gives such a quality of surprise to the best poetry of the writers who presumably are his models. His wit is disciplined but unadventurous; accurate and satisfying but not versatile. But the considerable achievement within the limits of his polished style and clear, cultivated idiom is best shown in a poem like "Asaph," or in the "Valediction," the last few stanzas of which are here quoted:

> Heart, that the fine and crystal splinter
> Pierced with the flush and throb of cold
> Till the whole brilliant world was winter,
> And shrank, and darkened, and was old,
>
> Shine with new warmth! and, like the sun,
> Who blesses the black twisted trees,
> Who comforts all he looks upon
> And gives the barren soil increase,
>
> Remember not the *more and less,*
> *Better and worse,* the *yours and mine:*
> Shine out with such unthriftiness
> That all things by reflexion shine.

Eda Lou Walton in "Jane Matthew and Other Poems" has published two narrative pieces, "Jane Matthew" and the "Blue Room," and a variety of lyrics with whose quality a number of readers will already be familiar from the magazines. The two narratives have one similarity of theme: the frustration of a woman's love because of various circumstances in childhood, chiefly an unsatisfactory

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element as such is handled with a good deal of compression and ingenuity, the major exception being the autobiographical declamation of the heroine to her lover in the early pages of "Jane Matthew."

But when an author chooses verse as vehicle for narrative, the choice must be justified in terms other than those which are related merely to the structure of the material and which are shared in all equality with prose treatment. To put the matter more bluntly, today the resources of prose are so enormous and generally superior for narrative and psychological analysis that poetry is on the defensive when brought into direct competition. It is begging the question to point to great narrative poems of the past; willy-nilly, another factor has gradually been obtruding itself into the problem. On this basis I do not feel that the present performance justifies the choice of form. The versification, a trifle monotonous and sometimes flaccid, does little to heighten the emotional effect. The other devices proper to the form appear in far too many instances as rhetorical ornament rather than imaginative amplification of idea or experience. A piece of subsidiary evidence lies in the fact that the lyrics are much superior in this respect, for there the imagination seems to have been more intimately involved with the entire conception of the given poem. One reads the long pieces with a degree of curiosity concerning the narrative itself and the psychological analysis; but the feeling is that, in conception, they are essentially prosaic and that the choice of form was somewhat arbitrary.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

Marx Inverted

The Emergence of Man, by Gerald Heard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 297 pages. $2.75.

MR. HEARD has written a book which will be regarded by some as a revelation; if it had more backbone and structure it might even mark the beginning of an intellectual cult. To the present reviewer, it seems an elaborate phantasy, suggested, I should venture to guess, by brooding on Egyptian history until a series of episodes translated themselves into pictorial symbols of the history of mankind. Historians and anthropologists, especially the latter, will have the ultimate decision between these two views. Mr. Heard, however, will have a retort satisfactory to himself if these authorities decide against him. His own logic will compel him to say that they have not risen as yet to that psychological interpretation of history which distinguishes his book.

The main points in Mr. Heard's philosophy of history are as follows: All history is a drama with a single protagonist, Man—not men or a plurality of events and actions. Man, whose development, whose emergence constitutes history, is Mind. This fact could not be grasped until the science of mind, psychology, had reached its present development. History is evolution transferred from external nature and animals into mind. All human acts and achievements "can be coördinated and understood if we realize that they are shadows cast on the outer world by the changing shape of his spirit, projections and symptoms of a slow inner evolution of the mind." *This* evolution, internal and self-impelled, comes first; what is ordinarily called "history," the story of events and acts, is but an externalization of mental changes. Hence if we begin, as historians have done up to this time, with acts and events, we lose the key to history. "Society is the ordinations and associations." This evolution is essentially identical and uniform in all the groups and peoples among whom progress has occurred. In all of them, there are "similar thresholds of advance . . . every important step in the advance of civilization is repeated in all the world-wide variants of man's common fundamental culture." This statement sufficiently dates Mr. Heard in respect to contemporary anthropology. It is, however, a perfectly logical conclusion from the thesis that history is the evolution of a single mind. Consequently the worth of the premise may be judged from the conclusion it necessitates.

The great bulk of Mr. Heard's book is an outline of the various stages which the evolving consciousness of mankind has traversed, outward events and institutional changes being interpreted as fossils from which to read the growth of mind. Mr. Heard has a nice gift of pictorial description, so that incidentally he makes a number of suggestive remarks. I do not intend to be ironical when I say that by his picture of the apelike man as he developed through life in trees, caves, the stone age, etc., children might be led to an intelligent interest in prehistory—provided they took the account imaginatively and not for what it is given out to be.

Mr. Heard's method may be fairly described as a complete inversion of the popular interpretation of the Marxian philosophy of history. Changes in consciousness precede, instead of following, changes in natural and social conditions. For example, kingship did not arise from conquest, but arose because consciousness had developed to a stage at which it was aware of the continuity of the group and needed an external symbol for that fact. The invention and increased use of money were the effect and not the cause of the growth of individualism in the eastern Mediterranean, etc. These cases are typical of the book's theory of social causation. One does not have to be an adherent of the popular interpretation of Marx to believe that Mr. Heard has indulged in a phantasy. Mr. Julian Huxley's seeming approval is interesting—especially for the student of Mr. Huxley's literary career.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Art of India

The Civilizations of the East. Vol. II: India, by René Grousset, translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 404 pages, illustrated. $7.50.

M. GROUSSET is one of the officials of the Musée Guimet, the cheerful little museum of Oriental art, in Paris, which is overlooked by too many visitors to that city of museums. He is a happy savant, by the evidence of this work, for he seems to derive much pleasure from the subject matter itself, and comparatively little from the finicking process of expertizing about it. In the first volume, M. Grousset was awed by the massive pomp of Babylonian architecture, and by its muscular sculpture expressing what Babylonian history is a grisly example of: a worship of and a pride in force. In the present volume, he speaks caressingly of the caressing Hindu sculpture, and tenderly of its tender animal art. For, in spite of the caste intolerance of India, no other nation has been so democratic in its conception of man in nature and eternity, or has shown such an interest in functioning human and animal bodies. The animal art of the West has always been spectacular; whereas the animal art of the East—and especially of India—has always been affectionate and familiar. Indians not only lived close to animals, but the genealogy of Transmigration made animals their kin[illegible]

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include among its heroes a Hanuman, the monkey king with his monkey army. Furthermore, in India, art could be inoffensively erotic because the erotic was no offense. Sensuality, as expressed in many of the beautiful sculptures and in the frescoes of the great cave chapels, is a value that has hardly been handled in the plastic arts of the West, where it is discovered timidly and awkwardly only in the intimacies of individual life. In Western art sensuality is a malign or an abjured force—seduction or virginity. In India it is a reality represented without evasions and without affectations, as directly as the strength of a man or the slenderness of a deer.

It is because of the warmth and genuineness of his descriptions of works of art that M. Grousset's books are chiefly valuable. But he does a great deal also to justify the general title of the series. He gives a well proportioned description of the physical background. He provides rapid and skillful summaries of the decisive historical forces that have determined the character of the civilization under survey. He quotes amply from its literature and makes useful expositions of the significant ideas of its philosophies and religions, which were, almost exclusively, the subject matter of the arts. His illustrations are chosen not only for their intrinsic virtues but as living features of the civilization to which they belong.

In their share in a notable venture, the publishers have done well. The volumes are very clearly printed and handsomely bound, and the 249 illustrations are examples of fine half-tone printing.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The Jury Disagreed

The Great Mouthpiece: A Life Story of William J. Fallon, by Gene Fowler. New York: Covici-Friede. 403 pages. $3.

PROTECTION is the magic word in the world of crime. With it, one may with impunity sell liquor, peddle dope, manipulate bucket shops, prey upon industry through racketeering organizations and upon trade unions through thuggery. Without it, one plies such trades at one's peril. Even those who have protection sometimes run afoul of the law, and there arises the need for lawyers who can manipulate all the various factors in protection—lawyers by whom judges, district attorneys, jurymen and witnesses are approached not only through legal technique but through extra-legal manipulation. Among such lawyers, none stood higher than the firm consisting of William J. Fallon and Eugene F. McGee. This singular partnership was financed by Arnold Rothstein, who, although never convicted, was generally regarded as the chief financier of the New York City underworld. His financial operations extended beyond the liquor and dope traffic into industrial circles, where he supplied thugs to both employers and labor unions, and police protection against thugs to both. In any particular strike, it was not uncommon to have Rothstein furnishing the gangsters on both sides, for a consideration—always for a consideration. Mr. Fallon was the attorney he picked to protect such of his minions as were brought before the courts, and Fallon made a good record springing them.

That record is remarkable not so much for the number of acquittals which Fallon obtained as for the number of disagreements of juries before which he tried cases; and coincidence brought Fallon himself twice to the bar of justice. Once in the state courts and once in the federal courts, he was indicted and tried for jury tampering. Each time he beat the rap. His partner McGee was disbarred; Joseph Shalleck, an office associate, was later disbarred; but Fallon successfully survived both criminal charges.

Rothstein, Fuller and McGee, Dandy Phil Kastel, Dapper Dan Collins, Nicky Arnstein, Nifty Sid Costello, Abe Attell and gentlemen of similar ilk wander through the pages of this book. The author celebrates the successes which Fallon obtained for them. It is unfortunate that Mr. Fowler should have left uninvestigated the methods by which these successes were achieved. Although he gives some of the details of the bribery of Rendigs—who confessed to having twice been tampered with by Fallon while serving on the jury in the case of Fuller and McGee, indicted for manipulating bucket shops—no explanation is suggested as to how Rendigs came to be on the jury both in the federal court and in the state court when Fallon needed him there. No explanation is made of the disappearance of papers from the district attorney's office and from Fallon's own office when such disappearances were advantageous to the defense. Some years before, when Fallon was an assistant district attorney of Westchester County, he persecuted Thomas Mott Osborn—who, having achieved fame as warden of Sing Sing, was a likely candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Mr. Fowler tells this story without any more disclosure of the political play behind it than could have been had from a cursory reading of the newspapers.

There is only one reason for telling Fallon's story. At present a mad battle is being fought between society, as constituted in its government, and the extra-governmental forces of the gang and the racketeer. Fallon was part of the system that gave and still gives protection to the criminal classes when they come in contact with the administration of the law. It is not enough to rhapsodize over his victories. How these victories were achieved, how the criminal oligarchs represented by Fallon remained outside the bars, is the interesting point. The knowledge of that *how* would be useful to society—because, if we knew how he did it, we might take steps to see that it did not happen again.

PHILIP WITTENBERG.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

INHERITANCE, by John Drinkwater. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 239 pages. $3.*

This first volume of John Drinkwater's promised autobiography is not without surprises. It has the outward appearance of the usual long-winded personal memoir in which the author's ancestors are resurrected from obscure graves and made to glorify a family tree. Both sides of Drinkwater's house, paternal and maternal, were of stolid, middle-England yeoman stock. There were many farmers, coach drivers, respectable innkeepers, among them. So far, the autobiography runs true to form. Drinkwater's father, however, broke through the lines of tradition. He tossed aside the assured income and social position of a teacher to become a provincial actor, or, to put it brutally, a mediocre actor-manager of the sort found in Leonard Merrick's novels. The good old red-faced, beef-eating, coach-driving days are brought to a sad end and the author shows himself to be the son of a poor man. Quite without making an appeal for sympathy, Drinkwater states the position of the English boy who can't afford to enter a public school. Class barriers and poverty are introduced in the closing chapters; and the last twenty pages of the book are singularly

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MARC ANTONY, by Arthur Weigall. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 475 pages. $5.*

Mr. Weigall reminds us that there has been no biography of Antony since Plutarch, and for over half the volume it looks as if he would have difficulty in supplying one; there is a great deal more of the times than of the life, and little that is new or significantly presented. But the story of Cleopatra, Antony and the two Caesars has always been good reading and, in retelling it, Mr. Weigall has not spoiled it in the least. To be sure, it is substantially the same story that he gave us in his book on Cleopatra—with some corrections—but for all that it is a readable narrative, complex, plausible and pathetic. He has modernized the romance to comport with the Alexandrian fashion of our times; it may all be a lie, but it is easy to believe.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL, Dictator of the Modern East, by Dagobert von Mikusch. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 380 pages. $4.*

The life of Mustapha Kemal, the shepherd boy who rose to command an army and establish the Turkish republic, is virtually the history of Turkey during the last fifty years. Like Napoleon, he began as a minor officer, but even from boyhood he visualized his future. Biding his time, associating himself with the Young Turk movement, he cut his way to supremacy, and finally set an exhausted country on its feet. The author sheds light on obscure corners of Balkan politics and on the workings of peace conferences; he is frank in distributing blame among the nations of Europe and in seeing faults even in his hero. This full-length biography of Kemal, written by a German familiar with the man and his language, does full justice to one of the dominant personalities of the new East.

History

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR. Vol. IV: 1878-1888, by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 743 pages. $5.25.*

In this fourth volume of a history that will be complete in five, political affairs are uppermost; but, in addition to discussing the issues that pressed upon Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland, Professor Oberholtzer takes up in detail the beginnings of industrialism in the New South and the social conditions of the West. This study is rich in detail, but the details live, not the country itself. The items drop separately out of newspapers, census reports, congressional documents; and the special virtue of this history consists in the fact that it is an able and compact book of reference. Within its field, it has no rival.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT, 1860-1861, by Dwight Lowell Dumond. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 294 pages. $2.50.*

SOUTHERN EDITORIALS ON SECESSION, compiled by Dwight Lowell Dumond. *New York: The Century Company. 529 pages. $4.*

Professor Dumond's "Secession Movement" is a pioneering work in the revaluation of Civil War history, for it upsets many of the official beliefs not only of the New England school, but of Southern historians as well. A thorough analysis of the Democratic conventions of 1860 at Charleston and Baltimore was bound to do this; one wonders why no historian has ever examined this crucial problem before. The official view has been actually that of the Douglas Democrats and the Bell Constitutional Unionists—that the Secessionists *per se* split the party in order to bring on disunion. Professor Dumond, in a minute discussion, proves that the Douglas Democrats literally drove the Southern-rights men out of the convention, and hatched a conspiracy to keep them from coming to Baltimore. The main conclusion of this thesis is that there were no Secessionists *per se*, and that Secession was resorted to after every effort of the South at compromise had failed. This conclusion is supported by the 183 Southern editorials that Professor Dumond has collected in a documentary volume of great interest and value. The value of the collection is not restricted to its illumination of the actual Southern [illegible] of a national crisis and, on the whole, a desire to see the problem in the interests of all sections, put the modern journalist, with his fear of plain speaking, his poor command of style and his allegiance to Big Business, in a very unfavorable light.

Fiction

THE OLD WOMAN TALKS, by F. O. Mann. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.*

The old woman, as she lies in bed waiting to die, is animated by memories. They stem from the question why she'd ever taken Tom Burcombe for a husband. Failing to find any answer to that, she goes on to discover the curious ways in which the combination of Burcombe and Woffington qualities had worked out in the six children. That old stuffy poetry business of Tom's mother, for instance, a weakness always turning up in her household like a bad shilling. It accounted for Richard's early blazing interest in politics, and Arthur's pitiful romance with a questionable widow, "a tawdry length of dilapidated Maypole," who kept a miserable half-house for him. Sometimes, in her materialistic Cockney philosophy, she questions further: "The blood and the urge and the blind energy of them. . . . Whatever for, in God's name? Whatever for?" . . . The atmosphere of London kitchen parlors; bloaters, stewed rabbit, gas rings, oilcloth, tea, toast and dripping, the Sunday joint—that close and unattractive way of life for which the Industrial Revolution must answer—we found pictured also in the less sentimental portions of Dickens' novels, and in some of the novels of D. H. Lawrence, though tragically with Lawrence and here in a more practical, genial way.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, contributor to The New Leader of London and to other magazines in this country and abroad, is the author of several books, the most recent being "Rebel India," which was issued in The New Republic Dollar Series

Jonathan Mitchell, formerly a European correspondent for The New York World, is the author of "Goose Steps to Peace," recently published by Little, Brown and Company.

Judson King, who writes and lectures on political and economic subjects, is the managing director of the National Popular Government League of Washington.

Thyra Samter Winslow, contributor to various magazines and author of several volumes of short stories and novels, this week is publishing "Blueberry Pie" under the imprint of Knopf.

Howard McKinley Corning, a native of the Pacific Northwest, is the author of two books of verse, "These People" and "The Mountain in the Sky."

Paul Rosenfeld, author of a novel, "Boy in the Sun," and of several books of criticism on art, music and literature, is at present at work on his second novel.

"Pasquino Ianchi" is the pseudonym of an Italian political scientist, whose identity we are obliged to conceal lest his criticism of Mussolini's policy result in reprisals against his relatives and friends in Italy.

Newton Arvin, who contributes literary criticism to various magazines, is an assistant professor of English at Smith College.

Robert Penn Warren, author of "John Brown: The Making of a Martyr" and a book of verse, "Kentucky Mountain Farm," is at present teaching at Vanderbilt University.

John Dewey, the distinguished philosopher and educator, needs no introduction to readers of The New Republic.

Isidor Schneider, critic and author of a novel and a volume of poetry, is at work on his second novel.

Philip Wittenberg is a lawyer who has represented the left-wing labor unions in recent years. He is a con-

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